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XIII.

MR. DOSSON, as we know, was meditative, and the present occasion could only minister to that side of his nature, especially as, so far at least as the observation of his daughters went, it had not urged him into uncontrollable movement. But the truth is that the intensity, or rather the continuity, of his meditations did engender an act which was not perceived by these young ladies, though its consequences presently became definite enough. While he waited for the Proberts to arrive in a phalanx and noted that they failed to do so he had plenty of time to ask himself—and also to ask Delia—questions about Mr. Flack. So far as they were addressed to his daughter they were promptly answered, for Delia had been ready from the first, as we have seen, to pronounce upon the conduct of the young journalist. Her view of it was clearer every hour; there was a difference however in the course of action which she judged this view to demand. At first he was to be blown up for the mess he had got them into (profitless as the process might be and vain the satisfaction); he was to be visited with the harshest chastisement that the sense of violated confidence could inflict. Now he was simply to be dropped, to

be cut, to be let alone to his dying day: the girl quickly recognized that this was a much more distinguished way of showing displeasure. It was in this manner that she characterized it, in her frequent conversations with her father, if that can be called conversation which consisted of his placidly smoking while she poured forth arguments which combined both variety and repetition. The same cause will produce consequences the most diverse: a truth according to which the catastrophe that made Delia express freely the hope that she might never again see so much as the end of Mr. Flack's nose had just the opposite effect upon her father. The one thing he wanted positively to do at present was to let his eyes travel over his young friend's whole person: it seemed to him that that would really make him feel better. If there had been a discussion about this the girl would have kept the field, for she had the advantage of being able to tell her reasons, whereas her father could not have put his into words. Delia had touched on her deepest conviction in saying to Francie that the correspondent of "The Reverberator" had played them that trick on purpose to get them into such trouble with the Proberts that he might see his own hopes bloom again under cover of their disaster. This had many of the appearances of a strained interpretation, but that

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did not prevent Delia from placing it before her father several times an hour. It mattered little that he should remark, in return, that he didn't see what good it could do Mr. Flack that Francie—and he and Delia, for all he could guess—should be disgusted with him: to Mr. Dosson's mind that was such a queer way of reasoning. Delia maintained that she understood perfectly, though she couldn't explain, and at any rate she didn't want the manœuvring creature to come flying back from Nice. She didn't want him to know that there had been a scandal, that they had a grievance against him, that any one had so much as heard of his article or cared what he published or didn't publish: above all she didn't want him to know that the Proberts had cooled off. Mixed up with this high rigour on Miss Dosson's part was the oddest secret complacency of reflection that in consequence of what Mr. Flack *had* published the great American community was in a position to know with what fine folks Francie and she were associated. She hoped that some of the people who used to call on them when they were "off to-morrow" would take the lesson to heart.

While she glowed with this consolation as well as with the resentment for which it was required, her father quietly addressed a few words, by letter, to George Flack. This communication was not of a minatory order; it expressed, on the contrary, the loose sociability which was the essence of Mr. Dosson's nature. He wanted to see Mr. Flack, to talk the whole thing over, and the desire to hold him to an account would play but a small part in the interview. It was much more definite to him that the soreness of the Proberts was a kind of unexpected insanity (so little did his experience match it), than that a newspaper man had misbehaved in trying to turn out an attractive article. As the newspaper man happened to be the person with whom he had most

consorted, for some time back, he felt drawn to him in the presence of a new problem, and somehow it didn't seem to Mr. Dosson to disqualify him as a source of comfort that it was just he who had been the fountain of injury. The injury was a sort of emanation of the crazy Proberts. Moreover Mr. Dosson could not dislike at such short notice a man who had smoked so many of his cigars, ordered so many of his dinners and helped him so loyally to spend his money: such acts constituted a bond, and when there was a bond people gave it a little jerk in time of trouble. His letter to Nice was the little jerk.

The morning after Francie had turned her back on Gaston, and left him planted in the salon (he had remained ten minutes, to see if she wouldn't reappear, and then had marched out of the hotel), she received by the first post a letter from him, written the evening before. It conveyed his deep regret that their meeting in the morning should have been of so painful, so unnatural a character, and the hope that she didn't consider, as her strange behaviour had seemed to suggest, that *she* had anything to complain of. There was too much he wanted to say and above all too much he wanted to ask, for him to consent to the indefinite postponement of a necessary interview. There were explanations, assurances, *de part et d'autre*, with which it was manifestly impossible that either of them should dispense. He would therefore propose that she should see him, and not be wanting in patience to that end, on the following evening. He didn't propose an earlier moment because his hands were terribly full at home. Frankly speaking the state of things there was of the worst. Jane and her husband had just arrived, and had made him a violent, an unexpected scene. Two of the French newspapers had got hold of the article and had given the most perfidious extracts. His father had not stirred out of the house, had not put his foot inside of a

club, for more than a week. Marguerite and Maxime were immediately to start for England, for an indefinite stay. They couldn't face their life in Paris. For himself, he was in the breach, fighting hard and making, on her behalf, asseverations which it was impossible for him to believe, in spite of the dreadful defiant confession she had appeared to throw at him in the morning, that she would not virtually confirm. He would come in as soon after nine as possible: the morrow, up to that time, would be severe in the Cours la Reine; and he begged her in the meantime not to doubt of his perfect tenderness. So far from his distress having made it less he had never yet felt so much that she had, in his affection, a treasure of indulgence to draw upon.

A couple of hours after this letter arrived Francie lay on one of the satin sofas with her eyes closed and her hand clenched upon it in her pocket. Delia sat near her, with a needle in her fingers, certain morsels of silk and ribbon in her lap, several pins in her mouth and her attention wandering constantly from her work to her sister's face. The weather was now so completely vernal that Mr. Dosson was able to sit in the court, and he had lately resumed this practice, in which he was presumably at the present moment absorbed. Delia had lowered her needle and was watching Francie, to see if she were not asleep—she had been perfectly still for so long—when her glance was drawn to the door, which she heard pushed open. Mr. Flack stood there, looking from one to the other of the young ladies, as if to see which of them would be most agreeably surprised by his visit.

"I saw your father down stairs—he says it's all right," said the journalist, advancing and smiling. "He told me to come straight up—I had quite a talk with him."

"All right—*all right?*" Delia Dosson repeated, springing up. "Yes, indeed, I should say so." Then she checked

herself, asking in another manner: "Is that so? father sent you up?" And then, in still another: "Well, have you had a good time at Nice?"

"You'd better all come down and see. It's lovely down there. If you'll come down I'll go right back. I guess you want a change," Mr. Flack went on. He spoke to Delia but he looked at Francie, who showed she had not been asleep by the quick consciousness with which she raised herself on her sofa. She gazed at the visitor with parted lips but she said nothing. He hesitated a moment, then came toward her smiling, with his hand out. His bright eyes were brighter than ever, but they had an odd appearance of being smaller, like penetrating points. "Your father has told me all about it. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?"

"All about what?—all about what?" said Delia, whose attempt to represent happy ignorance seemed likely to be spoiled by an intromission of ferocity. She might succeed in appearing ignorant but she could scarcely succeed in appearing happy. Francie had risen to her feet and had suffered Mr. Flack to possess himself for a moment of her hand, but neither of the girls had asked the young man to sit down. "I thought you were going to stay a month at Nice?" Delia continued.

"Well, I was, but your father's letter started me up."

"Father's letter?"

"He wrote me about the row—didn't you know it? Then I broke. You didn't suppose I was going to stay down there when there were such times up here."

"Gracious!" Delia exclaimed.

"Is it pleasant at Nice? Is it very gay? Isn't it very hot now?" Francie asked.

"Oh, it's all right. But I haven't come up here to talk about Nice, have I?"

"Why not, if we want to?" Delia inquired.

Mr. Flack looked at her for a moment, very hard, in the whites of the

eyes; then he replied, turning back to her sister: "Anything *you* like, Miss Francie. With you one subject is as good as another. Can't we sit down? Can't we be comfortable?" he added.

"Comfortable? of course we can!" cried Delia, but she remained erect while Francie sank upon the sofa again and their companion took possession of the nearest chair.

"Do you remember what I told you once, that the people *will* have the plums?" George Flack asked of the younger girl.

She looked for an instant as if she were trying to recollect what he had told her; then she said, "*Did* father write to you?"

"Of course he did. That's why I'm here."

"Poor father, sometimes he doesn't know *what* to do!" Delia remarked.

"He told me 'The Reverberator' has made a sensation. I guessed that for myself when I saw the way the papers here were after it. That thing will go the round, you'll see! What brought me was learning from him that they *have* got their backs up."

"What on earth are you talking about!" cried Delia.

Mr. Flack turned his eyes on hers in the same way as a moment before; Francie sat there serious, looking hard at the carpet. "What game are you trying, Miss Delia? It ain't true *you* care what I wrote, is it?" he pursued, addressing himself again to Francie.

She raised her eyes. "Did you write it yourself?"

"What do you care what he wrote—or what does any one care?" Delia broke in.

"It has done the paper more good than anything—every one is so interested," said Mr. Flack, in the tone of reasonable explanation. "And you don't feel that you have anything to complain of, do you?" he added, to Francie, kindly.

"Do you mean because I told you?"

"Why, certainly. Didn't it all spring out of that lovely drive and that walk in the Bois that we had,

when you took me to see your portrait? Didn't you understand that I wanted you to know that the public would appreciate a column or two about Mr. Waterlow's new picture, and about you as the subject of it, and about your being engaged to a member of the *grand monde*, and about what was going on in the *grand monde*, which would naturally attract attention through that. Why, Miss Francie, you talked as if you did."

"Did I talk a great deal?" asked Francie.

"Why, most freely—it was too lovely. Don't you remember when we sat there in the Bois?"

"Oh, rubbish!" Delia ejaculated.

"Yes, and Mme. de Cliché passed."

"And you told me she was scandalized. And we laughed—it struck us as idiotic. I said it was affected and pretentious. Your father tells me she is scandalized now—she and all the rest of them—at their names appearing in 'The Reverberator.' I don't hesitate to declare that that's affected and pretentious too. It ain't genuine—and if it is it doesn't count. They pretend to be shocked because it looks exclusive, but—in point of fact they like it first-rate."

"Are you talking about that old piece in the paper? Mercy, wasn't that dead and buried days and days ago?" Delia ejaculated. She hovered there in a fever of irritation, fidgeted by the revelation that her father had summoned Mr. Flack to Paris, which struck her almost like a treachery, because it seemed to denote a plan. A plan, and an uncommunicated plan, on Mr. Dosson's part was unnatural and alarming; and there was further provocation in his appearing to shirk the responsibility of it by not having come up, at such a moment, with Mr. Flack. Delia was impatient to know what he wanted, any way. Did he want to slide back to a common, though active, young man? Did he want to put Mr. Flack forward with a shallow extemporized optimism as a substitute for the alienated Gaston?

If she had not been afraid that something still more complicating than anything that had happened yet might come to pass between her two companions in case of her leaving them together she would have darted down to the court to appease her conjectures, to challenge her father and tell him she should be very much obliged to him if he wouldn't meddle. She felt liberated however the next moment, for something occurred that struck her as a quick indication of her sister's present emotion.

"Do you know the view I take of the matter, according to what your father has told me?" Mr. Flack inquired. "I don't mean that he suggested the interpretation, but my own knowledge of the world (as the world is constituted over here!) forces it upon my mind. They are scandalized, they are horrified. They never heard anything so dreadful. Miss Francie, that ain't good enough! They know what's in the papers every day of their lives, and they know how it got there. They are simply making the thing a pretext to break—because they don't think you're fashionable enough. They're delighted to strike a pretext they can work, and they're all as merry together round there as a lot of boys when school don't keep. That's my view of the business."

"Oh—how can you say such a thing?" drawled Francie, with a tremor in her voice that struck her sister. Her eyes met Delia's at the same moment, and this young woman's heart bounded with the sense that she was safe. Mr. Flack's indelicacy attempted to prove too much (though Miss Dosson had crude notions about the license of the press she felt, even as an untutored woman, what a false step he was now taking), and it seemed to her that Francie, who was revolted (the way she looked at her, in horror, showed that), could be trusted to check his advance.

"What does it matter what he says, my dear?" she cried. "Do make him drop the subject—he's talking very

wild. I'm going down to see what father means—I never heard of anything so flat!" At the door she paused a moment to add mutely, with a pressing glance, "Now just wipe him out—mind!" It was the same injunction she had launched at her from afar that day, a year before, they all dined at Saint-Germain, and she could remember how effective it had been then. The next moment she flirted out.

As soon as she had gone Mr. Flack moved nearer to Francie. "Now look here, you are not going back on me, are you?"

"Going back on you—what do you mean?"

"Ain't we together in this thing? Surely we are."

"Together—together?" Francie repeated, looking at him.

"Don't you remember what I said to you—in the clearest terms—before we went to Waterlow's, before our drive? I notified you that I should make use of the whole thing."

"Oh, yes, I understood—it was all for that. I told them so. I never denied it."

"You told them so?"

"When they were crying and going on. I told them I knew it—I told them I gave you the information."

She felt Mr. Flack's eyes on her, strangely, as she spoke these words; then he was still nearer to her—he had taken her hand. "Ah, you're too sweet!" She disengaged her hand and in the effort she sprang up; but he, rising too, seemed to press always nearer—she had a sense (it was disagreeable) that he was demonstrative—so that she retreated a little before him. "They were all there roaring and raging, trying to make you believe you have outraged them?"

"All but young Mr. Probert. Certainly they don't like it."

"The cowards!" said George Flack. "And where was young Mr. Probert?"

"He was away—I've told you—in America."

"Ah, yes, your father told me. But

now he has come back doesn't he like it either?"

"I don't know, Mr. Flack," Francie replied, impatiently.

"Well, I do, then. He's a coward too—he'll do what his papa tells him—and the countess and the duchess and all the rest: he'll just back down—he'll give you up."

"I can't talk to you about that," said Francie.

"Why not? why is he such a sacred subject, when we are together? You can't alter that. It was too lovely, your standing up for me—your not denying me!"

"You put in things I never said. It seems to me it was very different," the girl remarked.

"Everything is different when it's printed. What else would be the good of papers? Besides, it wasn't I, it was a lady who helps me—you've heard me speak of her: Miss Topping. She wants so much to know you—she wants to talk with you."

"And will she publish that?" Francie asked gravely.

Mr. Flack stared a moment. "Lord, how they have worked on you! And do you think it's bad?"

"Do I think what's bad?"

"Why, the letter we are talking about."

"Well—I don't like it."

"Do you think I was dishonourable?"

The girl made no answer to this, but after a moment she said, "Why do you come here this way—why do you ask me such questions?"

He hesitated; then he broke out: "Because I love you—don't you know that?"

"Oh, please don't!" she almost moaned, turning away.

"Why won't you understand it—why won't you understand the rest? Don't you see how it has worked round—the heartless brutes they've turned into and the way *our* life—yours and mine—is bound to be the same? Don't you see the base way they treat you and that I only want to do anything in the world for you?"

Francie made no immediate response to this appeal, but after a moment she began: "Why did you ask me so many questions that day?"

"Because I always ask questions—it's my business to ask them. Haven't you always seen me ask you, and ask every one, all I could? Don't you know they are the very foundation of my work? I thought you sympathised with my work so much—you used to tell me you did."

"Well, I did," said Francie.

"You put it in the past, I see. You don't then any more."

If this remark was, on her visitor's part, the sign of a rare assurance, the girl's gentleness was still unruffled by it. She hesitated, she even smiled; then she replied, "Oh, yes, I do, only not so much."

"They *have* worked on you; but I should have thought they would have disgusted you. I don't care—even a little sympathy will do—whatever you've got left." He paused, looking at her, but she remained silent; so he went on: "There was no obligation for you to answer my questions—you might have shut me up that day with a word."

"Really?" Francie asked, with all her sweet good faith in her face. "I thought I had to—for fear I should appear ungrateful."

"Ungrateful?"

"Why, to you—after what you had done. Don't you remember that it was you that introduced us——" And she paused, with a kind of weary delicacy.

"Not to those snobs that are screaming like peacocks. I beg your pardon—I haven't that on my conscience!"

"Well, you introduced us to Mr. Waterlow and he introduced us to—to his friends," Francie explained, blushing, as if it were a fault, for the inexactness engendered by her magnanimity. "That's why I thought I ought to tell you what you'd like."

"Why, do you suppose if I'd known where that first visit of ours to

Waterlow was going to bring you out I'd have taken you within fifty miles——" He stopped suddenly; then in another tone, "Lord, there's no one like you! And you told them it was all *you*?"

"Never mind what I told them."

"Miss Francie," said George Flack, "if you'll marry me I'll never ask a question again. I'll go into some other business."

"Then you didn't do it on purpose?" Francie asked.

"On purpose?"

"To get me into a quarrel with them—so that I might be free again."

"Well, of all the ideas——!" the young man exclaimed, staring. "Your mind never produced that—it was your sister's."

"Wasn't it natural it should occur to me, since if, as you say, you would never consciously have been the means——"

"Ah, but I *was* the means!" Mr. Flack interrupted. "We must go, after all, by what *did* happen."

"Well, I thanked you when I drove with you and let you draw me out. So we're square, aren't we?" The term Francie used was a colloquialism generally associated with levity, but her face, as she spoke, was none the less deeply serious—serious even to pain.

"We're square?" Mr. Flack repeated.

"I don't think you ought to ask for anything more. Good-bye."

"Good-bye? Never!" cried the young man.

He had an air of flushing with disappointment which really showed that he had come with a certain confidence of success.

Something in the way Francie repeated her "Good-bye!" indicated that she perceived this and that in the vision of such a confidence there was little to please her. "Do go away!" she broke out.

"Well, I'll come back very soon," said Mr. Flack, taking his hat.

"Please don't—I don't like it."

She had now contrived to put a wide space between them.

"Oh, you tormentress!" he groaned. He went towards the door but before he reached it he turned round. "Will you tell me this, anyway? *Are* you going to marry Mr. Probert—after this?"

"Do you want to put that in the paper?"

"Of course I do—and say you said it!" Mr. Flack held up his head.

They stood looking at each other across the large room. "Well then, I ain't. There!"

"That's all right," said Mr. Flack, going out.

XIV.

WHEN Gaston Probert came in that evening he was received by Mr. Dosson and Delia, and when he asked where Francie was he was told by Delia that she would show herself half an hour later. Francie had instructed her sister that as Gaston would have, first of all, information to give their father about the business he had transacted in America he wouldn't care for a lot of women in the room. When Delia made this speech before Mr. Dosson the old man protested that he was not in any hurry for the business; what he wanted to find out most was whether he had a good time—whether he liked it over there. Gaston might have liked it, but he did not look as if he had had a very good time. His face told of reverses, of suffering; and Delia declared to him that if she had not received his assurance to the contrary she would have believed he was right down sick. He confessed that he had been very sick at sea and was still feeling the effect of it, but insisted that there was nothing the matter with him now. He sat for some time with Mr. Dosson and Delia and never once alluded to the cloud that hung over their relations. The girl had schooled her father to reticence on this point, and the manner in which she had descended upon him in

the morning, after Mr. Flack had come upstairs, was a lesson he was not likely soon to forget. It had been impressed upon him that she was indeed wiser than he could pretend to be, and he was now mindful that he must not speak of the "piece in the paper" unless young Probert should speak of it first. When Delia rushed down to him in the court she began by asking him categorically whom he had wished to do good to by sending Mr. Flack up to their parlour. To Francie or to her? Why, the way they felt then, they detested his very name. To Mr. Flack himself? Why, he had simply exposed him to the biggest snub he had ever got in his life.

"Well, hanged if I understand!" poor Mr. Dosson had said. "I thought you liked the piece—you think it's so queer *they* don't like it." "They," in the parlance of the Dossons, now never meant anything but the Proberts in congress assembled.

"I don't think anything is queer but you!" Delia had retorted; and she had let her father know that she had left Francie in the very act of "handling" Mr. Flack.

"Is that so?" the old gentleman had asked, helplessly.

Francie's visitor came down a few minutes later and passed through the court and out of the hotel without looking at them. Mr. Dosson had been going to call after him, but Delia checked him with a violent pinch. The unsociable manner of the young journalist's departure added to Mr. Dosson's sense of the mystery of things. I think this may be said to have been the only incident in the whole business that gave him a personal pang. He remembered how many of his cigars he had smoked with Mr. Flack and how universal a participant he had made him. This struck him as the failure of friendship, and not the publication of details about the Proberts. Deep in Mr. Dosson's spirit was a sense that if these people had done bad things they ought to be

ashamed of themselves and he couldn't pity them; and if they hadn't done them there was no need of making such a rumpus about other people knowing. It was therefore, in spite of the young man's rough exit, still in the tone of American condonation that he had observed to Delia: "He says that's what they like over there, and that it stands to reason that if you start a paper you've got to give them what they like. If you want the people with you, you've got to be with the people."

"Well, there are a good many people in the world. I don't think the Proberts are with us much."

"Oh, he doesn't mean them," said Mr. Dosson.

"Well, I do!" cried Delia.

At one of the ormolu tables, near a lamp with a pink shade, Gaston insisted on making at least a partial statement. He did not say that he might never have another chance, but Delia felt with despair that this idea was in his mind. He was very gentle, very polite, but distinctly cold, she thought; he was intensely depressed, and for half-an-hour uttered not the least little pleasantry. There was no particular occasion for that when he talked about "watered stock" with her father. This was a language Delia could not translate, though she had heard it from childhood. He had a great many papers to show Mr. Dosson, records of the mission of which he had acquitted himself, but Mr. Dosson pushed them into the drawer of the ormolu table, with the remark that he guessed they were all right. Now, after the fact, he appeared to attach but little importance to Gaston's achievements—an attitude which Delia perceived to be slightly disconcerting to the young man. Delia understood it: she had an instinctive sense that her father knew a great deal more than Gaston could tell him even about the work he had committed to him, and also that there was in such punctual settlements an eagerness, a literalism totally foreign to Mr. Dosson's

domestic habits. If Gaston had cooled off he wanted at least to be able to say that he had rendered them services in America; but now her father for the moment at least, scarcely appeared to think his services worth speaking of: a circumstance that left him with more of the responsibility for his cooling. What Mr. Dosson wanted to know was how everything had struck him over there, especially the Pickett Building, and the parlour-cars, and Niagara, and the hotels he had instructed him to go to, giving him an introduction, in two or three cases, to the gentleman in charge of the office. It was in relation to these themes that Gaston was guilty of a want of spring, as the girl phrased it to herself, that he evinced no superficial joy. He declared however, repeatedly, that it was a most extraordinary country—most extraordinary, and far beyond anything he had had any conception of. "Of course I didn't like *everything*," he said, "any more than I like everything anywhere."

"Well, what didn't you like?" Mr. Dosson genially inquired.

Gaston Probert hesitated. "Well, the light, for instance."

"The light—the electric?"

"No, the solar! I thought it rather hard: too much like the scratching of a slate-pencil." As Mr. Dosson looked vague at this, as if the reference were to some enterprise (a great lamp company) of which he had not heard—conveying a suggestion that he was perhaps staying away too long, Gaston immediately added: "I really think Francie might come in. I wrote to her that I wanted particularly to see her."

"I will go and call her—I'll make her come," said Delia, going out. She left her companions together and Gaston returned to the subject of Mr. Munster, Mr. Dosson's former partner, to whom he had taken a letter and who had shown him every sort of civility. Mr. Dosson was pleased at this; nevertheless he broke out, suddenly—

"Look here, you know; if you've

got anything to say that you don't think very acceptable you had better say it to me." Gaston coloured, but his reply was checked by Delia's quick return. She announced that her sister would be obliged if he would go into the little dining-room—he would find her there. She had something to communicate to him that she could mention only in private. It was very comfortable; there was a lamp and a fire. "Well, I guess she *can* take care of herself!" Mr. Dosson, at this, commented, laughing. "What does she want to say to him?" he demanded, when Gaston had passed out.

"Gracious knows! She won't tell me. But it's too flat, at his age, to live in such terror."

"In such terror?"

"Why, of your father. You've got to choose."

"How, to choose?"

"Why, if there's a person you like and he doesn't like."

"You mean you can't choose your father," said Mr. Dosson, thoughtfully.

"Of course you can't."

"Well then, please don't like any one. But perhaps I should like him," added Mr. Dosson, faithful to his cheerful tradition.

"I guess you'd have to!" said Delia.

In the small *salle-à-manger*, when Gaston went in, Francie was standing by the empty table, and as soon as she saw him she said—"You can't say I didn't tell you that I should do something. I did nothing else, from the first. So you were warned again and again; you knew what to expect."

"Ah, don't say that again; if you knew how it acts on my nerves!" the young man groaned. "You speak as if you had done it on purpose—to carry out your absurd threat."

"Well, what does it matter, when it's all over?"

"It's not all over. Would to God it were!"

The girl stared. "Don't you know what I sent for you to come in here for? To bid you good-bye."

"Francie, what has got into you?" he said. "What deviltry, what poison!" It would have been a singular sight to an observer, the opposition of these young figures, so fresh, so candid, so meant for confidence, but now standing apart and looking at each other in a wan defiance which hardened their faces.

"Don't they despise me—don't they hate me? You do yourself! Certainly you'll be glad for me to break off and spare you such a difficulty, such a responsibility."

"I don't understand; it's like some hideous dream!" Gaston Probert cried. "You act as if you were doing something for a wager, and you talk so. I don't believe it—I don't believe a word of it."

"What don't you believe?"

"That you told him—that you told him knowingly. If you'll take that back (it's too monstrous!) if you'll deny it and declare you were practised upon and surprised, everything can still be arranged."

"Do you want me to lie?" asked Francie Dosson. "I thought you would like it."

"Oh, Francie, Francie!" moaned the wretched youth, with tears in his eyes.

"What can be arranged? What do you mean by everything?" she went on.

"Why, they'll accept it; they'll ask for nothing more. It's your participation they can't forgive."

"They can't? Why do you talk to me about them? I'm not engaged to them."

"Oh, Francie, I am! And it's they who are buried beneath that filthy rubbish!"

She flushed, at this characterization of Mr. Flack's epistle; then she said, in a softer voice: "I'm very sorry—very sorry indeed. But evidently I'm not delicate."

He looked at her, helpless and bitter. "It's not the newspapers in your country that would have made you so. Lord, they're too incredible!

And the ladies have them on their tables."

"You told me we couldn't here—that the Paris ones are too bad," said Francie.

"Bad they are, God knows; but they have never published anything like that—poured forth such a flood of impudence on decent, quiet people who only want to be left alone."

Francie sank into a chair by the table, as if she were too tired to stand longer, and with her arms spread out on the lamp-lit plush she looked up at him. "Was it there you saw it?"

"Yes, a few days before I sailed. I hated them from the moment I got there—I looked at them very little. But that was a chance. I opened the paper in the hall of an hotel (there was a big marble floor and spittoons!) and my eyes fell upon that horror. It made me ill."

"Did you think it was me?"

"About as soon as I supposed it was my father. But I was too mystified, too tormented."

"Then why didn't you write to me, if you didn't think it was me?"

"Write to you? I wrote to you every three days."

"Not after that."

"Well, I may have omitted a post at the last.—I thought it might be Delia," Gaston added in a moment.

"Oh, she didn't want me to do it—the day I went with him, the day I told him. She tried to prevent me."

"Would to God then she had!"

"Haven't you told them she's delicate too?" Francie asked, in her strange tone.

Gaston made no answer to this; but he broke out—"What power, in Heaven's name, has he got over you? What spell has he worked?"

"He's an old friend—he helped us ever so much when we were first in Paris."

"But, my dearest child, what friends—what a man to know!"

"If we hadn't known him we shouldn't have known you. Remem-

ber that it was Mr. Flack who brought us that day to Mr. Waterlow's."

"Oh, you would have come some other way," said Gaston.

"Not in the least. We knew nothing about any other way. He helped us in everything—he showed us everything. That was why I told him—when he asked me. I liked him for what he had done."

Gaston, who had now also seated himself, listened to this attentively. "I see. It was a kind of delicacy."

"Oh, a kind!" She smiled.

He remained a little with his eyes on her face. "Was it for me?"

"Of course it was for you."

"Ah, how strange you are!" he exclaimed, tenderly. "Such contradictions—*on s'y perd*. I wish you would say that to *them* that way. Everything would be right."

"Never, never!" said the girl. "I have wronged them, and nothing will ever be the same again. It was fatal. If I felt like them I too would loathe the person who should have done such a thing. It doesn't seem to me so bad—the thing in the paper; but you know best. You must go back to them. You know best," she repeated.

"They were the last, the last people in France, to do it to. The sense of excruciation—of pollution," Gaston rejoined, making his reflections audibly.

"Oh, you needn't tell me—I saw them all there!" Francie exclaimed.

"It must have been a dreadful scene. But you *didn't* brave them, did you?"

"Brave them—what are you talking about? To you that idea is incredible!"

"No, it isn't," he said, gently.

"Well, go back to them—go back," she repeated. At this he half threw himself across the table, to seize her hands; but she drew away and, as he came nearer, pushed her chair back, springing up. "You know you didn't come here to tell me you are ready to give them up."

He rose to his feet, slowly. "To give them up? I have been battling with them till I'm ready to drop. You don't know how they feel—how they *must* feel."

"Oh yes, I do. All this has made me older, every hour."

"It has made you more beautiful," said Gaston Probert.

"I don't care. Nothing will induce me to consent to any sacrifice."

"Some sacrifice there must be. Give me time—give me time; I'll manage it. I only wish they hadn't seen you there in the Bois."

"In the Bois?"

"That Marguerite hadn't seen you—with that blackguard. That's the image they can't get over."

"I see you can't either, Gaston. Well, I *was* there, and I was very happy. That's all I can say. You must take me as I am."

"Don't—don't: you infuriate me!" he pleaded, frowning.

Francie had seemed to soften, but she was in a sudden flame again. "Of course I do, and I shall do it again. We are too different. Everything makes you so. You can't give them up—ever, ever. Good-bye—good-bye! That's all I wanted to tell you."

"I'll go and throttle him!" Gaston said, lugubriously.

"Very well, go! Good-bye." She had stepped quickly to the door and had already opened it, vanishing as she had done the last time.

"Francie, Francie!" he exclaimed, following her into the passage. The door was not the one that led into the saloon; it communicated with the other apartments. The girl had plunged into these—he already heard her locking herself in. Presently he went away, without taking leave of Mr. Dosson and Delia.

"Why, he acts just like Mr. Flack," said the old man, when they discovered that the interview in the dining-room had come to an end.

The next day was a bad day for Charles Waterlow; his work, in the

Avenue de Villiers, was terribly interrupted. Gaston Probert invited himself to breakfast with him at noon and remained till the time at which the artist usually went out—an extravagance partly justified by a previous separation of several weeks. During these three or four hours Gaston walked up and down the studio, while Waterlow either sat or stood before his easel. He put his host out vastly and acted on his nerves, but Waterlow was patient with him because he was very sorry for him, feeling the occasion to be a great crisis. His compassion, it is true, was slightly tinged with contempt: nevertheless he looked at the case generously, perceived it to be one in which a friend should be a friend—in which he, in particular, might see the distracted fellow through. Gaston was in a fever; he broke out into passionate arguments which were succeeded by fits of gloomy silence. He roamed about continually, with his hands in his pockets and his hair in a tangle; he could take neither a decision nor a momentary rest. It struck Waterlow more than ever before that he was after all essentially a foreigner; he had the sensibility of one, the sentimental candour, the need for sympathy, the communicative despair. A real young Anglo-Saxon would have buttoned himself up in his embarrassment and been dry and awkward and capable and unconscious of a drama; but Gaston was effusive and appealing and ridiculous and graceful—natural, above all, and egotistical. Indeed, a real young Anglo-Saxon would not have had this particular embarrassment at all, for he would not have parted to such an extent with his moral independence. It was this weakness that excited Waterlow's secret scorn: family feeling was all very well, but to see it erected into a superstition affected him very much in the same way as the image of a blackamoor upon his knees before a fetish. He now measured for the first time the root it had taken in Gaston's nature. To

act like a man the poor fellow must pull up the root, but the operation was terribly painful—was attended with cries and tears and contortions, with baffling scruples and a sense of sacrilege, the sense of siding with strangers against his own flesh and blood. Every now and then he broke out—"And if you see her—as she looks just now (she's too lovely—too touching!) you would see how right I was originally—when I found in her such a revelation of that type, the French Renaissance, you know, the one we talked about." But he reverted with at least equal frequency to the idea that he seemed unable to throw off, that it was like something done on purpose, with a refinement of cruelty; such an accident to *them*, of all people on earth, the very last, the very last, those who he verily believed would feel it more than any family in the world. When Waterlow asked what made them so exceptionally ticklish he could only say that they just happened to be so; it was his father's influence, his very genius, the worship of privacy and good manners, a hatred of all the new familiarities and profanations. The artist inquired further, at last, rather wearily, what in two words was the practical question his friend desired that he should consider. Whether he should be justified in throwing over Miss Francina—was that it?

"Oh, heavens, no! For what sneak do you take me? She made a mistake, but any one might do that. It's whether it strikes you that I should be justified in throwing *them* over."

"It depends upon the sense you attach to justification."

"I mean—should I be miserably unhappy—would it be in their power to make me so?"

"To try—certainly, if they are capable of anything so nasty. The only honourable conduct for them is to let you alone."

"Ah, they won't do that—they like me too much!" Gaston said, ingenuously.

"It's an odd way of liking. The best way to show that would be to let you marry the girl you love."

"Certainly—but they are profoundly convinced that she represents such dangers, such vulgarities, such possibilities of doing other things of the same sort, that it's upon *them* my happiness would be shattered."

"Well, if you yourself have no secret for persuading them of the contrary I'm afraid I can't teach you one."

"Yes, I ought to do it myself," said Gaston, in the candour of his meditations. Then he went on, in his torment of inconsistency—"They never believed in her from the first. My father was perfectly definite about it. At heart they never accepted her; they only pretended to do so because I guaranteed that she was incapable of doing a thing that could ever displease them. Then no sooner was my back turned than she perpetrated that!"

"That was your folly," Waterlow remarked, painting away.

"My folly—to turn my back?"

"No, no—to guarantee."

"My dear fellow—wouldn't you?"

Gaston asked, staring.

"Never in the world!"

"You would have thought her capable——?"

"*Capabilissima!* And I shouldn't have cared."

"Do you think her then capable of doing it again?"

"I don't care if she is; that's the least of all questions."

"The least——?"

"Ah, don't you see, wretched youth," said Waterlow, pausing from his work and looking up—"don't you see that the question of her possibilities is as nothing compared to that of yours? She's the sweetest young thing I ever saw; but even if she happened not to be I should urge you to marry her, in simple self-preservation."

"In self-preservation?"

"To rescue from destruction the last remnant of your independence. That's a much more important matter even

than not treating her shabbily. They are doing their best to kill you morally—to render you incapable of individual life."

"They are—they are!" Gaston declared, with enthusiasm.

"Well, then, if you believe it, for Heaven's sake go and marry her to-morrow!" Waterlow threw down his implements and added, "And come out of this—into the air."

Gaston, however, was planted in his path on the way to the door. "And if she does break out again, in the same way?"

"In the same way?"

"In some other manifestation of that terrible order?"

"Well," said Waterlow, "you will least have got rid of your family."

"Yes, if she does that I shall be glad they are not there! They're right, *pourtant*, they're right," Gaston went on, passing out of the studio with his friend.

"They're right?"

"It was a dreadful thing."

"Yes, thank Heaven! It was the finger of providence, to give you your chance." This was ingenious, but, though he could glow for a moment in response to it Francie's lover—if lover he may in his most infirm aspect be called—looked as if he mistrusted it, thought it slightly sophistical. What really shook him however was his companion's saying to him in the vestibule, when they had taken their hats and sticks and were on the point of going out: "Lord, man, how can you be so impenetrably dense? Don't you see that she's really of the softest, finest material that breathes, that she's a perfect flower of plasticity, that everything you may have an apprehension about will drop away from her like the dead leaves from a rose, and that you may make of her any perfect and enchanting thing you yourself have the wit to conceive?"

"Ah, my dear friend!" Gaston Probert murmured, gratefully, panting.

"The limit will be yours, not hers," Waterlow added.

"No, no, I have done with limits!" his companion rejoined, ecstatically.

That evening at ten o'clock Gaston went to the Hotel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham and requested the German waiter to introduce him into the little dining-room attached to Mr. Dosson's apartments and then go and tell Miss Francina he was awaiting her there.

"Oh, you'll be better there than in the *salon*, which they have villed with their luccatch," said the man, who always addressed him in an intention of English and was not ignorant of the tie that united the visitor to the amiable American family, or perhaps even of the modifications it had lately undergone.

"With their luggage?"

"They leave to-morrow morning—ah, I don't think they themselves know for where, sir."

"Please then say to Miss Francina that I have called on very urgent business—that I'm pressed, pressed!"

The eagerness of the sentiment which possessed Gaston at that moment is communicative, but perhaps the vividness with which the waiter placed it before the young lady is better explained by the fact that her lover slipped a five-franc piece into his hand. At any rate she entered the dining-room sooner than Gaston had ventured to hope, though she corrected this promptitude a little by stopping short, drawing back, when she saw how pale he was and how he looked as if he had been crying.

"I have chosen—I have chosen," he said gently, smiling at her in contradiction to these indications.

"You have chosen?"

"I've had to give them up. But I like it so much better than having to give *you* up! I took you, first, with their assent. That was well enough—it was worth trying for. But now I take you without it. We can live that way too."

"Ah, I'm not worth it. You give up too much!" cried the girl. "We're going away—it's all over." She turned

from him quickly, as if to carry out her meaning, but he caught her more quickly still and held her—held her fast and long. She had only freed herself when her father and sister broke in, from the *salon*, attracted apparently by the audible commotion.

"Oh, I thought you had at least knocked over the lamp!" Delia exclaimed.

"You must take me with you, if you are going away, Mr. Dosson," Gaston said. "I will start whenever you like."

"All right—where shall we go?" the old man asked.

"Hadn't you decided that?"

"Well, the girls said they would tell me."

"We were going home," said Francie.

"No we weren't—not a bit!" Delia declared.

"Oh, not there," Gaston murmured pathetically, looking at Francie.

"Well, when you've fixed it you can take the tickets," Mr. Dosson observed.

"To some place where there are no newspapers," Gaston went on.

"I guess you'll have hard work to find one."

"Dear me, we needn't read them! We wouldn't have read that one if your family hadn't forced us," Delia said to her prospective brother-in-law.

"Well, I shall never be forced—I shall never again in my life look at one," he replied.

"You'll see—you'll have to!" laughed Mr. Dosson.

"No, you'll tell us enough."

Francie had her eyes on the ground; they were all smiling but she. "Won't they forgive me, ever?" she asked, looking up.

"Yes, perfectly, if you can persuade me not to marry you. But in that case what good will their forgiveness do you?"

"Well, perhaps it's better to pay for it."

"To pay for it?"

"By suffering something. For it *was* dreadful."

"Oh, for all you'll suffer——!" Gaston exclaimed, shining down at her.

"It was for you—only for you, as I told you," the girl went on.

"Yes, don't tell me again—I don't like that explanation! I ought to let you know that my father now declines to do anything for me," the young man added, to Mr. Dosson,

"To do anything for you?"

"To give me any money."

"Well, that makes me feel better," said Mr. Dosson.

"There'll be enough for all—especially if we economise in newspapers," Delia declared, jocosely.

"Well, I don't know, after all—'The Reverberator' came for nothing," her father went on, in the same spirit.

"Don't you be afraid he'll ever send it now!" cried the girl.

"I'm very sorry—because they were lovely," Francie said to Gaston, with sad eyes.

"Let us wait to say that till they come back to us," Gaston returned, somewhat sententiously. He really cared little at this moment whether his relatives were lovely or not.

"I'm sure you won't have to wait long!" Delia remarked, with the same cheerfulness.

"'Till they come back'?" Mr. Dosson repeated. "Ah, they can't come back now. We won't take them in!" The words fell from his lips with a mild unexpected austerity which imposed itself, producing a momentary silence, and it is a sign of Gaston's complete emancipation that he did not, in his heart, resent this image of eventual favours denied to his race. The resentment was rather Delia's, but she kept it to herself, for she was capable of reflecting with complacency that the key of the house would after all be hers, so that she could open the door for the Proberts if they should knock. Now that her sister's marriage was really to take place her consciousness that the American people would have been told so was still more agreeable. The party left the *Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham* on the morrow, but it appeared to the German waiter, as he accepted another five-franc piece from the happy and now reckless Gaston, that they were even yet not at all clear as to where they were going.

HENRY JAMES.

THE END.

LORD RODNEY'S BANTAM COCK.

[These verses are supposed to be written later on by a contemporary when Napoleon was in the ascendant.

"The English admiral was aware also that his country's fate was in his hands. It was one of those supreme moments which great men dare to use and small men tremble at. . . . Rodney had on board a favourite bantam cock, which stood perched upon the poop of the 'Formidable' through the whole action, its shrill voice heard crowing through the thunder of the broadsides." — FROUDE, "The English in the West Indies," pp. 33, 34.]

YES: thanks to Rodney's zealous aid,
At last, after that long delay,
With boats on board, with anchors weighed
The fleet stands ready in the bay.

"If we can baffle Fox's crew,
Who hate our country, as we know,
These ships have something yet to do
To shield her from her open foe.

"Off! Off at last!" says Rodney then,
"The gale though fierce, thank God, is fair.
I have no faith in these new men:
They will recall me, if they dare.

"Plough fearless through the raging foam,
And see that every sail is set:
We must fly fast from those at home,
So only Frenchmen can be met.

"They *will* recall me, but too late,
Whig traitors though in power they be,
The flag that carries England's fate
Is safe from them beyond the sea."

These were his words. He spake no more:
Then straight a fowl exulting, shrill,
Flung forth defiance at the shore,
Echoing his master's thought and will.

Yes, after that proud start was won,
Through blood and fire, through storm and shock,
Prophet of triumph still crowed on
Lord Rodney's bantam cock.

And still to hearken as they sail
The old salts gather in a flock :
Their faith is kindled, ne'er to fail
In Rodney's bantam cock.

The ships speed on like things alive
Past Ushant, in the tempest's din
Their very timbers thrill and strive,
As from one heart that throbs within.

With the same impulse in each keel
They hurry to their distant goal :
Their chief looks round his fleet, to feel
That there, with him, is England's soul.

"If after victory, as I trust,"
Then said he, "Peace should be restored,
The pen that signs the treaty must
Be our own old ancestral sword.

"The wielders of that will not shrink,
Serving their country day by day,
From dipping it in blood, not ink :
Our only statesmen left are they."

He reached his post, he formed his plan,
He foiled De Grasse's fixed design :
A flash of instinct taught the man
How to break through the frowning line.

Hour after hour the battle stormed,
And during all that early time
Our seamen their grim task performed
In silent energy sublime.

But when the great ship of De Grasse
Hauled down the flag of France—then white—
Like thunder-peals the shoutings pass
From deck to deck in wild delight.

The twelfth of April heard that cheer
At sunset, seven by the clock ;
Heard also, crowing prompt and clear,
Lord Rodney's bantam cock.

True, we have lost our colonies ;
But the war ended well, at least
We kept the empire of the seas,
And gained new kingdoms in the east,

Whilst France is drowned in blood, and cast
On evils never known before,
Till the long splendour of her past
Is quenched and lost for evermore.

True, Rodney's ships are hulks: the world
Rushes to ruin uncontrolled:
Strong realms are crushed, strange flags unfurled,
New victories blot out the old.

Nelson takes Rodney's place to-day.
North, south, east, west, through Europe's range
Napoleon sheds his lurid ray;
And all convulsion is, and change.

But yet, through years which have grown dim,
That bird lives on. Though youths may mock,
Still white-haired sailors talk of him,
Lord Rodney's bantam cock.

F. H. DOYLE.

ENGLAND'S REAL PERIL.

PUBLIC attention is being loudly called to the need of an inquiry into the efficiency of our naval and military defences. Nor does it seem to sober-minded men unreasonable that this investigation should be demanded, and at once granted by the Government, when official returns make the startling admission that five important ships of war, already built, cannot be utilized because their guns will not be ready for many months, and that vessels now being constructed will, when complete, have to wait long for their armament. Unpleasant rumours are also abroad as to the boilers of many of the line-of-battle ironclads. Nor can we forget the ugly facts which not long ago were brought to light with regard to the efficiency of the swords and bayonets supplied to the troops : while every reader of the newspapers knows that continental nations have equipped their soldiers with magazine-rifles, while to our battalions none have as yet been served out. For these and other reasons it is much to be desired that a calm and careful inquiry should be made into the naval and military requirements of the Empire, and as to the mode in which these requirements can be efficiently and satisfactorily met, without an undue strain or an extravagant waste of its financial resources.

Yet while men's minds are growing uneasy over the peril to which England may be exposed through want of military preparations, few seem to regard a less visible but possibly a more subtle and deadly danger into which the country is drifting. The real strength of England is her wealth, and that wealth depends upon her agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. For many years after the close of the great Napoleonic wars

England was commercially omnipotent—she had few commercial rivals, and no formidable antagonist. To-day the story is very different. Agriculture is confessedly pinched, manufactured goods which were formerly entirely drawn from this country to supply foreign markets are now to a great extent produced in the countries where the markets lie. The construction of harbours, canals, railways, and other great engineering works, which was almost the undisputed prerogative of English contractors is now entrusted in a great measure to continental firms. In England there is a latent discontent among the middle classes, great misery among the lower classes, and unhappily much suffering among some of the landed aristocracy, and a general confession of need. From all sides we hear complaints of falling rents and diminishing trade, failing commerce and waning wealth—that wealth which was our great strength in a military as in every other sense. It was our wealth which enabled us to conduct the great wars at the beginning of this century to a successful issue. It is our wealth which must in future wars enable us to place those ships upon the sea, which may protect our mercantile marine and insure the food supplies of the population of the country. It is our wealth which enables us to keep up an army for defence of our islands, and for the garrisons of our coaling stations and colonies without conscription. If our wealth fades away our military strength must be sapped ; and it is the danger that this wealth may fade which to my mind constitutes the real peril of England.

The state of agriculture is so well known that it is hardly necessary to advert to it. Farms in some instances

cannot be let, and tenants refuse to work them even without rent. How far this loss to the agricultural interest at home falls upon the whole body of the country is very difficult to determine. Food which is not produced at home is brought from abroad; hence the loss to agriculture is to a certain extent balanced by a greater development of the shipping and carrying industries. It is extraordinary, however, that while the farmer in England cannot produce not only cereals but articles difficult to transport, such as eggs, poultry, &c., at a remunerative price, the foreign farmer and market-gardener is able to produce these and pay the cost of transport, and still compete advantageously in the English markets.

Formerly we were the great manufacturers of the world; the great distributors and the great warehousemen of the world. Our country was the point on which the great passenger traffic impinged from America and from our Colonies, and from which passengers distributed themselves over the continent of Europe. The products of the world as a general rule came to English ports, and from English ports were distributed to their various markets. All this has much changed. Probably the alteration is more marked in our distributing trade than in that of our manufacturing trade or in any other direction. About twenty years ago all the silk that was manufactured or consumed in Europe was brought to England from the East, mostly in a raw state, and was thence distributed to continental mills. Notwithstanding the increased consumption in Europe, silk now coming to England for distribution is only about one-eighth of the quantity that came here some twelve years ago. This is one single example of an Oriental product. The same diversion of our distributing trade can be traced in almost every other commodity. Many people believe that the opening of the Suez Canal has caused this diminution of our distributing trade,

and it cannot be denied that the Suez Canal has done much to divert Oriental trade from this country, and to send goods direct through the Canal to the continental ports, where they are consumed, or where they can be placed on railways and be forwarded without break of bulk to their destinations. But whatever the Suez Canal may have done to divert trade in Oriental goods such as tea or silk, it cannot account for the diversion of the trade coming from America. Yet we find the same diversion of American products which formerly came to England for distribution. With cotton the same result is found, and with coffee from the Brazil. Nor does the diversion of these articles merely demonstrate that our distributing trade is being lost to us: it also shows that the manufacturers of England now permit the raw material of their industries to be sent straight to the factories of their competitors on the Continent. It shows that the great manufactures of the world are being transferred from England to Belgium, France, Germany, and even to Portugal and Spain. In the train of these manufactures are rapidly following all the complex and complicated businesses which are the handmaidens of commerce. For instance, the financial business which used to centre in London is being transferred to Paris, Antwerp, and Germany, mainly because the goods to which this business relates are now consigned to continental countries instead of as formerly being brought to England to be distributed therefrom. It is impossible to calculate in pounds shillings and pence how much wealth is being lost to the country by this diversion of trade. And side by side with it a social and financial revolution is silently proceeding. Colossal incomes are in a few instances being increased; but as a general rule large incomes are falling away, and a greater quantity of smaller incomes substituted for them. Of the very large incomes which still exist, with the ex-

ception of a few that fall to the happy lot of some Englishmen who possess the land upon which great towns are built, the majority belong to foreigners who have accumulated them in this country. Of the great houses in the City there are few which have not a foreign name, and most belong to that enterprising, industrious, and able Oriental race which is a nationality but not a nation, and of which the members can transfer their allegiance and their possessions at almost any moment from one country to another. Figures indeed prove that the total wealth of the country is not diminishing; but this, when analysed, is but a poor satisfaction. The unhappy fact remains that, while the population is increasing with enormous rapidity, the wealth of the country does not increase in any adequate proportion. It is not the positive but the comparative wealth of a country that forms its strength, and the comparative wealth of England in proportion to its population, and in proportion to the development of wealth in other countries, is gradually falling away. When such diminution once begins it is apt to progress in geometrical ratio. Each industry, each trade, each interest that suffers, reacts upon others, and as the suffering becomes more acute the reaction is more intensified. The danger of financial distress is the real danger to our country. If our wealth fades neither fortresses nor armies nor navies can be maintained: the commerce and trade of our colonies will pass away from us, and the means of maintaining our possessions will be exhausted.

This may be a pessimist view of the actual state of affairs. If it be so I shall only be too glad to see my doubts dispelled and my misgivings removed. If my calculations be correct it surely is well worth the attention of Englishmen to turn a little of their characteristic energy to some endeavour to prevent the decadence which appears to threaten their country. Legislation and lawgivers can do little, though possibly they may do

something in such matters. It is the energy, the enterprise, the exertions of men, individually and collectively, by which alone wealth can be accumulated and stored up. Some relief may be given to the agricultural interest by legislative enactments with regard to railway-rates which as at present arranged almost prohibit market-gardening or *la petite culture* in this country. Nor does it appear wholly impossible that some assistance might be given to the agriculturist without trenching upon the principles of even the most orthodox free trade. The money that is raised for custom dues in this country is not raised for purposes of protection but merely for purposes of revenue. There seems to be no reason why the revenue which is at present raised from tea or coffee should not be raised from oats or wheat. The idea that tea and coffee are luxuries and thus may be legitimately taxed like cigars or tobacco is now exploded. Tea and coffee are as much necessities of the everyday life of all classes as bread. To tax corn in lieu of tea might assist the agricultural interest and yet not be a protective tax. It would merely be to raise essential revenue by taxing articles, and possibly thereby indirectly assisting our own producers, instead of raising the revenue from articles which cannot be produced in this country. Nor is it probable that, even if this were not so, we shall be able for long, however much we may desire it, to carry out implicitly every article of a free trade creed. The terrible revelations now being made before Lord Dunraven's Commission as to the "sweating" system, will probably lead public opinion to insist on some measures being taken to prohibit the untrammelled importation of foreign labour into this country. Nor will this be unreasonable. An insular country like England, which does not produce food for its own people, might at any moment in case of war fall into the position of a blockaded city, and our Government would be as much justified in preventing the importation of a large

number of hungry paupers into England as would be the commandant of a fortress which might shortly be exposed to a siege; nor is it easy to perceive for what reason our countrymen should be weighted with rates to support all the improvident, the starving, and the miserable who may be pressed out of foreign countries to seek an asylum among us. A simple organization for the transfer of land would be of great help to landed proprietors. At present, if a proprietor wishes to sell a few acres of land, the cost to the purchaser and to the buyer in investigating the title and other expenses is almost as heavy as if the transaction applied to a large estate.

The loss of our distributing trade is to my mind in a great measure due to the fact that goods consigned to continental ports can be there put upon railways and sent straight to their destination; while goods sent to English ports must be put upon a railway, taken to our coast, there taken out of the railway, put on board a vessel, taken across to the Continent, there unloaded, then put on the railway and sent off to their ultimate destination. These transshipments from railway to vessel and from vessel to railway are always costly, always involve time, and in the case of some perishable articles render the transaction almost prohibitive. To get over this difficulty and to retain our distributing trade, there appears to me to be only one course open, and that is in some way to obtain direct railway-communication from Liverpool, from London, from Bristol, from Hull, from Glasgow, and from Dundee, to the continental markets where the goods landed at those ports are consumed. For all practical purposes it is of little moment whether coffee, which is to be consumed at Vienna, is disembarked at Havre or at London, provided that direct railway-communication can be secured from London to Vienna. It would make little difference whether cotton, which was to be manufactured in Lancashire or Belgium, were consigned

to Liverpool, to Dunkirk, or to Antwerp, provided that either the raw material or the manufactured goods from Lancashire could be conveyed direct by railway from Liverpool to Belgium.

If this conclusion be at all true, the possibility of constructing a bridge across the Channel becomes important to Englishmen. If a bridge could be made sufficiently strong to stand against the south-west gales which occasionally drive through the Straits of Dover, there can be no doubt that an enormous advantage would be gained by our country. If engineers consider that no bridge sufficiently strong can be constructed, it is then worth considering whether the objections which most Englishmen entertain against the Channel Tunnel are sufficiently valid to outweigh the enormous commercial advantages that it would bring to the country. In all other countries every exertion has been made to complete railway-communication between country and country, or between district and district. Below the St. Lawrence a tunnel has been driven. Bridges have been thrown across the Ohio, the Mississippi, and most of the great rivers of America. The Alps have been tunnelled at the St. Gothard, the Mont Cenis, and again at the Brenner. These mountains were almost as important a strategical boundary between Italy and France, as is the English Channel between England and France. Italians have had no doubt about allowing tunnels to be constructed. Englishmen have much more reason to encourage facilities of communication than either Frenchmen or Italians. By preventing commercial intercourse or direct railway-communication across the Channel we are driving away our distributing trade, barring our markets against continental customers, and preventing our manufacturers from being able to deliver their goods on the same terms to continental customers with their continental rivals.

Some cause of our threatened loss of

wealth is probably due to want of enterprise on the part of Englishmen in pushing their goods in foreign countries. In this direction the German travelling agents everywhere appear to be competing successfully against Englishmen. They penetrate into countries where Englishmen do not penetrate, and they have greater successes where Englishmen are also working. Part of this is due to the Germans working more cheaply and working harder than Englishmen, but much is due to the very superior commercial education which can be obtained in Germany. English boys who adopt commercial life, as a general rule, have a slight smattering of Latin and Greek, which is of no practical use, and a vague idea of mathematics; and even in London it is found necessary to employ foreign clerks in situations where Englishmen would be much more welcome were it not that the latter are incompetent as a rule to correspond even in a European language. Nor can any who travel much on the Continent fail to note how much less conscientious hard work there is in this country than there is abroad; yet conscientious hard work is the key to every success in every position in life. When the foreigner has already been some hours at work

the Englishman has hardly risen from his slumbers. The day of labour which in the time of our ancestors began at eight or nine o'clock is gradually now falling away to eleven, yet the secret of success in business is almost always to be before the time. In society there is enormous luxury. That great and good man whom Germany is now mourning, shortly after his accession to the throne called the attention of his subjects to the too great luxury of private living. If this were necessary in Germany which appears to us an example of frugality, how much more is the same warning necessary to Englishmen.

The insane race after luxury, the keen competition for enjoyment, or supposed enjoyment, leads constantly to prodigality and extravagance, and often to ruin. It blunts the moral principles, it makes people look leniently on debt, that most pernicious canker of society; and it tends in the end to rapidly diminish the total sum of the national wealth. Wherever we look we see indications of wealth passing away from the Englishmen into the hands of those who are now their competitors, and may some day be their enemies. Here is England's real danger.

H. M. HOZIER.

THE VALLEY OF WATERFALLS.

WHEN Mr. Froude reached San Francisco on his homeward journey from that voyage round the world, one result of which was the production of his delightful book "Oceana," he narrates that he was overwhelmed with advice on no account to miss an expedition to the Yosemite valley. Indeed these warnings were pressed upon him, as he pathetically says, with "damnable iteration," a phrase which perhaps describes the somewhat embroidered style of Californian oratory by which the recommendation may have been enforced as accurately as it does the impression produced upon the implacable bosom of Mr. Froude. Unfortunately no method could have been adopted less likely to quicken his curiosity or to arouse his concern. He confesses to a rooted aversion to going out of his way in order to see sights; and his book contains more than one illustration of the singular ease with which he satisfies himself that some place or spectacle which it would very likely have conflicted with his convenience to see is therefore not worth seeing at all. *Non credo quia nolo* seems to have been his test of what is or is not worthy of examination. For instance, his desire to inspect the Sandwich Islands evaporates when it entails leaving his steamer at Honolulu; and finding that his train only pauses for half-an-hour at Salt Lake City, he "does not care to observe Mormonism any closer" than from the precincts of the railway-station. To the same mental listlessness we owe his refusal to visit the Yosemite valley; a decision which we cannot but regret, less for the loss to himself of an emotion, against which he might have rebelled, but which he must have enjoyed, than for the sake of the enormous reading public who followed greedily, like sea-gulls in his

wake, and who have been despoiled of the luxury of a description of one of the greatest masterpieces of Nature by one of the greatest masters of English prose.

Younger travellers may be excused if they are excited rather than deterred by the encomiums, or even by the exaggerations of local or national pride. Not that the Yosemite valley is now in the least dependent for its testimonials upon the luxuriant outpourings of Californian enthusiasm. For, remembering that it was only discovered thirty-seven years ago, I do not suppose that there is another piece of scenery in the world that has spread its fame with anything like the same rapidity, or so soon become the shrine of pilgrimage from all parts of the globe.

In the course of a recent visit to the valley I procured a record of visitors which may be found interesting for more reasons than one. If a larger total should at first thought have been expected, it must be borne in mind that the trip to the valley involves a divergence from the main route of five hundred and twenty miles, there and back, the cost of nearly a week's time and of about sixteen pounds in money, an anterior journey for any but Americans of three thousand miles across the Continent or nearly five thousand across the Pacific, and the swallowing of an inordinate dose of dust and fatigue (as a friend of mine appositely remarked on quitting the valley, *Pulvis et umbra sumus*); factors in the situation with which it is not in the power, or in the inclination, of every one successfully to grapple. Since 1851, when the first stranger entered the Yosemite under circumstances which will presently be described, it has been visited by some forty-three thousand persons. At

first, the facilities of access and accommodation being very scant, the influx was so slow that at the end of ten years it had only reached six hundred and fifty-three for the entire period. Then it began to advance by leaps and bounds, till the yearly average has now risen above two thousand five hundred, a total which, with the improvements in railroads and hotels that are still in course of execution, will be largely augmented in the near future. But more interesting than a mere statement of their extrinsic bulk is an analysis of these figures in the light they throw upon the relative appetites for travel of the various civilized nations of the world. The Englishman, carrying abroad with him what Carlyle called "that aristocratic impassivity, and silent fury that for the most part belongs to English travellers," is nevertheless the most indefatigable of the band. He is the heir of the spirit of Herodotus and Hadrian, of Pausanias and Marco Polo. Not only with the Drakes and Frobershers of the sixteenth century, with the Cooks and Mungo Parks of the eighteenth, with the Livingstones and Stanleys of the nineteenth, does he explore dark continents or navigate unfurrowed seas; but in the person of the ordinary, every-day, superbly inquisitive and imperious specimen of the race, humdrum at home but immitigable abroad, he strides hither and thither throughout the earth, scanning the known places and probing the hidden corners, absorbing and, wherever he can, appropriating all that there is of wonderful and new and strange. Everywhere you find him, from the North Cape to the Straits of Magellan, and from China to Peru. He is ubiquitous, omnipotent, indomitable. Next to him in activity of peregrination comes his own kindred, the restless, acquisitive sons of America, or the large-viewed, ambitious citizens of a yet newer world. Lower in the scale, and in the order which even a slight experience of continental travel will corroborate, comes first the Teuton

and then the Celt: the German, just beginning to expand the astonishing vigour of a home-trained intellect by a wider range of experience; and the Frenchman, scarcely as yet emancipated from the belief that there is no country in the world but France, and no city but Paris.

When I spoke of the discovery of the Yosemite valley thirty-seven years ago, I must be understood of course to refer to the first invasion of its borders by the foot of the white man. Long before, perhaps for centuries, it had formed a secure retreat for Indian tribes, who in the pathless glens and gorges of the Sierras conducted an internecine tribal warfare, or pursued an animal quarry scarcely wilder than themselves. It was by collision with these very Indians that the beautiful valley accidentally became known to the pioneers of what we call Western civilization, who at the beginning of the second half of this century poured into California in the mad thirst for gold, sowing in rapacity and lust and crime the seeds from which civilization and religion, too often begotten in a like stormy travail, were at a later date to spring.

At first the Indians did not recognize as enemies the scattered groups of gold-diggers who suddenly alighted upon their borders. But when the groups became a swarm, overspreading the country with lawless violence and sweeping all before them, jealousy and recrimination set in. These strained relations presently culminated in an attack by the Indians upon a trading-camp at Fresno, and the massacre of all the whites there assembled. This was in December, 1850. A company of volunteers was immediately raised among the traders for purposes of self-protection, retaliation, and revenge; but the evil grew so rapidly that more authoritative measures became necessary. Accordingly in January, 1851, by order of the Governor of the State, a company of two hundred able-bodied militia was enrolled, Mr. J. D. Savage, the owner of the trading-station originally de-

stroyed, being elected the first commander. Recognizing, however, the justice of the irritation naturally felt by the Indians at the invasion of their patrimony, and anxious at all hazards to preserve peace, the Government very wisely despatched emissaries among the surrounding tribes, with power to negotiate and distribute gifts; while they set apart a Reserve territory for such Indians as should be found amenable to these pacifying influences. Still there were some who held out, the principal of them being a tribe who were vaguely reported as dwelling in a deep rocky valley to the north-east. Communication was opened with them, and their chief was summoned and came to a "palaver." But the requisite assurances not being obtainable, the order to advance was at length given, and the expedition set out in quest of the mysterious retreat. It was on May 6th, 1851, that from the mountains on the south there burst upon the astonished gaze of the soldiers of the Mariposa Battalion the first sight of the enchanted valley. They gave to it the name Yo-Semite from that of the tribe, the Yo-Semites, or Grizzly Bears, by whom it was inhabited, abandoning the beautiful name of Ah-wah-nee, or the Broad Cañon, by which it had been known in the Indian vocabulary. The difficulty with the Indians was soon at an end, and the war, before it had lasted six months, was concluded in July, 1851. It was a curious sequel to the pacific termination of the struggle that the leaders on both sides, J. D. Savage, and the Indian Chief Ten-ie-ya, each met at a later date with a violent death, the one at the hand of a fellow-white, the other in a foray with a neighbouring Indian tribe.

The discovery of the valley was not followed by an immediate accession of visitors. It was not till four years later that a small body of enterprising men, who had heard the tales circulated by the disbanded militiamen, resolved to make another expedition to the deserted valley. Meanwhile, there

having been no communication in the interim, the trails through the forest had been obliterated and the memory of the militiamen had grown dim. Nor was it till some Indians had been procured as guides from the Reserve, that this pioneer party of tourists was enabled to make its way to the coveted destination.¹ To any one acquainted with the natural features of this Californian scenery—an immense sweep of lofty mountains intersected by ravines and clothed with a dense forest-growth—the long seclusion of the valley, and the difficulty in re-discovering it even when already discovered, will not appear a matter of surprise.

From this expedition, which was thoroughly successful, and by whose members many of the names were given by which the mountains and waterfalls are now known, may be dated the opening of the Yosemite valley to travellers and tourists. The prodigious increase in communication since that date has already been noted.

There yet remained one step before this splendid acquisition could be turned to real account, with a double regard for its own priceless security and for the free but orderly enjoyment of the public. The Government of the United States, which has never been behindhand in acts of similar liberal and far-seeing policy (for there may be statesmanship even in landscape-gardening), took up the question in 1864. In the session of that year Mr. J. S. Conness, Senator for California, very appropriately introduced a bill for the public dedication of the Yosemite valley, which was passed without demur by both Chambers of Congress. In this Bill, which was approved on June 30th, 1864, it was declared: "Be it enacted

¹ Among them was Mr. J. M. Hutchings, who has since embodied his intimate knowledge of the valley, its history and features, in a work entitled "*In the Heart of the Sierras*" (published at Oakland, California, in 1866); a big volume without any literary merit, but containing a great deal of useful information.

by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that there shall be and is hereby granted to the State of California the cleft or gorge in the granite peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, situated in the county of Mariposa in the State aforesaid, and the headwaters of the Merced River, and known as the Yosemite Valley, with its branches or spurs in estimated length fifteen miles, and in average width one mile back from the main edge of the precipice on each side of the valley; with the stipulation nevertheless that the said State shall accept this grant upon the express condition that the premises shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation; and shall be inalienable for all time." Then followed a similar provision for the neighbouring Mariposa Big Tree Grove.

The valley and its surroundings having thus solemnly been handed over to the State of California, the Governor of that State forthwith appointed a Board of Commissioners for the due administration of the trust, an act which in 1866 received the confirmation of the Senate and Assembly of the same State. The whole machinery was thus set in working order; and by the Board so nominated the valley is guarded and governed to this day.

Any Englishman who does not happen to be among the fortunate twelve hundred who have so far visited the spot, may at this stage very legitimately inquire, "What is the Yosemite Valley, and what are its peculiar features?" Without any desire to usurp the functions, and still less to imitate the style, of the numerous available guide-books, I would briefly answer as follows:—One hundred and fifty miles nearly due east of San Francisco, where the middle ranges of the Sierra Nevada rise from the San Joaquin valley in grand wooded outlines, sweep upon sweep, to a height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea, there is hewn from east to west a profound ravine between two confronting barriers of precipitous rock. Over

a space varying from three quarters of a mile to two miles in width, and along a line some six miles in extent, these grim natural fortifications look out at each other and down upon a peaceful valley slumbering in the deep trench, three quarters of a mile in sheer depth, below. Many English persons are familiar with the noble spectacle presented by the northern front of the Rock of Gibraltar, on the side where a perpendicular face of rock, twelve hundred feet high, towers gloriously above the flat space known as the Neutral Ground. Conceive this cliff trebled in height, Pelion piled on Ossa and Olympus on both, extended over a line twice the length of the Long Walk in Windsor Park, and confronted at the varying distances I have named by another wall of like character and similar dimensions: conceive these parallel rocky walls, while retaining their uniform abruptness and height, to be shaped into stormy outlines of towers and pinnacles and domes: conceive further the intervening space to be sown with great trees and flowering shrubs, a paltry plantation when viewed from above, but a mighty forest-growth below, and to be traversed by the coils of a winding river: conceive, I say, this startling combination of features, and you will still have but a dim and inadequate likeness of the Yosemite valley.

But what is perhaps the chief characteristic remains to be told. I have called it the Valley of Waterfalls; and herein consists its distinction from all other remarkable valleys, so far as I know, in the world.

Straight over these mountain walls, not down the bed of converging ravines, but from upland valleys unseen above and beyond, come toppling the heaven-sent waters that supply the shining River of Mercy (Rio de la Merced) murmuring so musically below. Almost may we say:

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do they come
From God who is their home."

For, as with a rush and a leap they spring from the craggy ledges, their forms are intertwined with rainbows and aureoled with light. Thus they descend, soft vaporous shapes, spray-clad, that glimmer along the aerial stairway like spirits passing up and down a Jacob's ladder from heaven to earth, until the phantasy is shivered in the tumult and thunder of the plunge upon the echoing platform or in the deep hollow pools at the base. From a distance of miles these waterfalls may be seen hung like white streamers against the mountain-walls. Even there a faint whisper sings in the air, deepening as we advance to a hum and a roar, till about their feet the atmosphere is filled and choked with the stunning shocks of sound.

They vary considerably in height, being sometimes intercepted in their descent or broken up into more than one cascade. Fifteen hundred feet is the height of the highest or upper Yosemite fall; but this is the uppermost of a trio of cascades, one above the other, the united fall of which amounts to two thousand six hundred feet, and when seen from a distance can be mistaken for a single uninterrupted fall. Inevitably, too, but unfortunately, they vary in volume according to the season of the year, the depth of rainfall, and the duration of the winter snows. In the early spring, when the feeders are full, each brook becomes a torrent and each fall a cataract. Then the Yosemite is pre-eminently the Valley of Waterfalls; for not a mile of its rocky palisades can be passed but there comes foaming from the sky a precipitous shoot of what looks like molten snow. But in the late summer the bulk is often sadly diminished, the brooks dwindle into rills, and the watery fleeces become ribands and wisps and threads, fluttering feebly and forlornly down the stained tracks of their lost spring-glory.

Of these falls perhaps the most beautiful at all times and seasons is that to which the pioneer tourists of 1855 gave the name of the Bridal Veil.

It falls sheer for nine hundred feet, the rocky rim from which it leaps being outlined as sharply as a razor's edge against the sky. The name is not ill-applied, for as the breeze catches the descending jets, when not in full volume, it puffs them outwards from the rock and wafts them in gauzy festoons from side to side. Hither and thither float the misty folds like a diaphanous veil of tulle. Lower down the water, pouring in miniature cataracts from the ledges, alone shows what is the quantity and what the texture of the material. The Indian name for this waterfall was Pohono, or the Spirit of the Evil Wind. They connected with it some mysterious and baleful influence, hearing the mutter of spirit-voices in the sound, and scenting the cold breath of a destroying angel in the breeze of the enchanted fall. To pass by it was of ill omen, to sleep near it was perilous, to point the finger of scorn at it was death. An Indian woman, who once fell from the slippery ledge at the top and was dashed to pieces, was believed to have been swept away by the Evil One. Unlike the artistic though rationalizing temper of the ancient Greeks, who recognized in the legendary carrying off of Orithyia by Boreas, the North Wind, the metaphor of a tempestuous love, the Indian mind, plunged in sad superstition, could see nothing in a similar fatality but the revengeful finger of doom. This is not the only case in which we cannot help regretting the substitution of a modern for the more significant or traditional Indian name. No great propriety and still less originality was shown in the selection of such titles as the Riband, the Vernal, and the Nevada. How much prettier, in meaning if not in sound, were Lung-oo-too-koo-yah, the Graceful and Slender One, Pi-wy-ack, the Shower of Diamonds, Yo-wi-ye, the Twisting One, and Tu-lu-la-wiack, the Rush of Waters. Gladly, too, would we see Mirror Lake reconverted into Ke-koo-too-yem, the Sleeping Water.

The Indian imagination seems to have been more poetically excited by

waterfalls than by mountains; for the names which they gave to the latter were in some cases fantastic and less worthy of appropriation. The two extraordinary rocks on the southern side of the valley, which from their shape and juxtaposition are aptly called the Cathedral Spires,—being indeed as like the west front of a Gothic minster as the architecture of Nature could be expected to model them—were known to the Indians as Poo-see-na Chuck-ka, the Acorn Baskets, from the receptacle of that name, shaped like an inverted cone, which is carried on their backs by the Indian women. The three pointed rocks on the other side of the valley, now called the Three Brothers, were Pom-pom-pa-sa, or the Jumping Frogs. The Sentinel Rock was Loya, from a plant growing near at hand. The Sentinel Dome was Ho-ko-owa, or the Lizard, from a dark lizard-shaped stain in the rock. The North Dome,—that curious smooth cupola of granite that overhangs the entrance to the northernmost of the two eastern forks,—was To-coy-a, from the covering over the face of a papoose carried in its basket-cradle on its mother's back. More fitly the Half Dome,—most prominent of all the giants of the valley, being as its name implies a great bald hump of rock (four thousand eight hundred feet above the valley-floor and nine thousand above the sea) smooth and rounded on one side, but suddenly cleft in twain through the middle, as though by the slash of some Titan's axe—was named by the Indians Tis-sa-ack, the Goddess of the Valley. Finally El Capitan (a name given by the Mission Indians who had borrowed it from the Spanish padres), that magnificent bluff, so familiar from a hundred photographs and sketches, which stands like a sturdy warder at the western threshold of the valley, was known as Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, the Great Guardian Deity.

There is another respect, besides the waterfalls, in which the late summer and autumn in the Yosemite are the sufferers to the gain of the spring.

This is in the matter of vegetation. At all times a rich forest-growth adorns the valley; and it is only by comparison with the celebrated Big Trees (*Sequoia gigantea*) that grow in the neighbourhood some thirty miles away, and are usually visited in the course of the same expedition, that these noble Yosemite stems, one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet high, straight as an obelisk and tall as a tower, are not considered giants in the land.

The roadway winds in and out of the solemn sylvan aisles, the light scarcely breaking through the clustered leafy capitals and shedding itself in dust of gold upon the big cones and needles that litter the forest-floor. Here are yellow pines and sugar pines, the red or incense cedar, the Douglas spruce, and three varieties of silver fir. Here, too, are the more familiar figures of the common oak and the evergreen oak, the quaking aspen and the willow, alders, poplars, maples, and laurel. The majority of these continue their bounty right through the summer; but it is in the undergrowth and shrubs and flowers that the visitor in the spring finds such an additional delight. Then the open spaces are gay with the festal bloom of the manzanita, with azaleas, yellow and white and pink, with the soft plumes of the Californian lilac, with dogwood and primroses, with the syringa, the butterfly tulip, and the white lily. The trails are bright with their colours and sweet with their fragrance, and all Nature smiles.

Being even at its base as much as four thousand feet above the sea the Yosemite valley enjoys a very equable temperature, the thermometer seldom pointing to more than 86° in summer. The orientation of the cutting is moreover the source of a twofold charm. Running, as the valley does, almost due east and west, the sea-breezes that pour in at the Golden Gate come swiftly over the intervening plains and blow an incessant draft from end to end of the gorge. To the same accident of site we owe the splendours of sunrise and sunset. Did the valley

face north and south, one face of it would be perpetually in shadow. As it is, when the morning sun has topped the eastern heights, its rays run swiftly from peak to peak right down the full length of the ravine, which in a few moments is flooded with the golden glory. Similarly as the declining orb sinks opposite the western doorway, both faces of rock, from El Capitan to the Half Dome, attend the dying couch and are gilded with the vanishing beam.

If it be asked in what special features, other than the broad structural outlines which have already been described, the wonder of the Yosemite consists, I would reply, in the solemn uniformity of colouring, in the nakedness of the rocky fronts, and in the absolutely vertical cleavage from cap to base. There is none of that gorgeous variety of colouring that results from different rock-strata, or, as in the famous cañon of the Yellowstone, from the chemical action of mineral deposits and boiling springs. The rock is everywhere an ashen grey granite, which in places where the surface layer has scaled off becomes a pale, or under the sunlight a glittering, white. Only here and there, where through the long years streams, too thin to make a waterfall, have trickled down the bare face, are black splashes and streaks like the dishevelled tresses of a woman's hair. But the very absence of variety, the gleaming monochrome of stone, has an indefinable grandeur of its own, and strikes the spectator from below with a peculiar awe. The two other features I have mentioned are closely connected; for it is the verticality of the cliffs that is responsible for the almost total absence of vegetation upon their faces. Now and then a solitary pine has secured a precarious foothold upon some tiny ledge; but for the most part not even Nature is allowed to plant an excrescence. Where the sheer walls are interspersed with slopes, these lend whatever of contrast and colour may be needed, being sufficiently clad with undergrowth and shrubs.

If a single point be named from which a finer view than elsewhere can be obtained, to the rocky height known as Glacier Point should be conceded the honour. It is three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven feet in sheer height above the valley, which here expands to its greatest width. From east to west its length is laid bare, even to the end of the forks into which it bifurcates at the eastern extremity, and the most important waterfalls are all in view. A big stone pitched from the summit will not strike the rock till sixteen seconds have been counted, and then at a considerable distance from the bottom. A tale is told in one of the guide-books of an antique hen which, for the satisfaction of a party of visitors, was tossed over the precipitous bluff. Down and ever down sank the hapless fowl till it became a tiny ball of feathers, then a speck, and finally vanished altogether in the abyss. The spectators, somewhat chagrined at this gratuitous sacrifice of animal life, ventured upon a remonstrance, but were met with the cheerful reply, "Don't be alarmed about that chicken, ladies! She's used to it. She goes over that cliff every day during the season." The story goes on to relate that the same party, descending the cliff in the course of the afternoon, encountered the old hen, uninjured, composedly ascending the trail.

Various theories have been advanced to explain the formation of this remarkable valley. There is one school of geologists, headed by Professor Witney (the author of the best handbook to the Yosemite), who believe it to have arisen, or rather sunk, from a subsidence in the soil between the rocky walls. Others have argued that it is a fissure cleft by volcanic action in the very core of the granite. Were not both these theories unsupported either by local or collateral evidence, there is yet that in the valley itself which testifies irresistibly to a different origin. The mysterious handwriting of Nature is

engraved upon the crags; and we must believe that the Yosemite, like many another deep valley and grim gorge, has been fashioned by the gigantic agencies of frost and ice. On the northern wall may be traced in many places the print of icy fingers, those unmistakable lateral striations that show where the remorseless touch has passed. The rounded surface of the domes, the polished faces of rock, the burnished recumbent boulders, the evidence of summits and sides and base, all tell the same tale. In the northern fork, near the Mirror Lake, may be seen heaps of colossal *débris* which, detached from the Half Dome, have slid down some pre-historic ice-slope and have been deposited, not at the foot of the precipice from which they fell, but on the opposite side of the ravine. In more than one place are palpable relics of vast glacial moraines. There cannot be much doubt that at some remote period (we need not attempt to estimate when) the entire valley from roof to floor was packed with a huge ice-field, over a mile and a half in depth, that easily overlapped the rim and extended to the summits of the adjacent and superior heights. Then when the age of disintegration set in, how mightily must the giant fingers have torn and wrenched, have split and riven, have scraped and ground! What a work of cleaving precipices and snapping projections, of crushing obstacles and pulverising fragments! With what superhuman strength was the great ploughshare driven through the heart of the everlasting hills! We crawl like ants in the furrow, happy if in our day some Daniel arises to interpret to us the mystic handwriting on the wall.

The Yosemite is often spoken of as though it were the greatest natural phenomenon in the American continent, and the wonder of the New World. My language has been sufficiently eulogistic to redeem me from any suspicion of bias if I state a contrary opinion. There exists, also in America and at a distance of about

six hundred miles from the Yosemite, a natural spectacle, akin yet different, less beautiful but infinitely more grand, to which I believe no parallel can be found on the face of the globe. This is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in the State of Arizona, a region rarely visited by the traveller, and almost unknown to Englishmen. Here are the same features reproduced on a vastly larger scale, over a much greater extent, and amid surroundings unequalled for gloomy impressiveness and awe. This astonishing cleft in the surface of the earth runs for two hundred and twenty miles through an elevated mountain plateau, in which it cuts a deep serpentine gash from three to six thousand feet deep, the average height of the mountain walls being five thousand feet, or a perpendicular mile. At the bottom of this appalling gorge is no smiling valley or wooded glade; nothing but a great river surging angrily along a rocky bed and chafing with eternal thunder against its prison walls. But once has the passage of that terrible defile from end to end been accomplished. The story is contained in a Parliamentary paper, but it reads like some weird romance.¹ The spectator from above sees nothing but what might be a silken skein twisted along the bottom of the abyss: his ear, if strained, hardly catches a dim and fretful murmur. But below is the everlasting roar of waters, and from there the canopy of sky upheld by the pillared walls looks unutterably remote. I know of nothing in the world at all comparable to this. The cañons of Yosemite and the Yellowstone are great; but a greater than either is here.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

¹ "Exploration of the Colorado Rivers of the West in 1869-70-71 and 72." By Prof. J. W. Powell. Conducted under the direction of the Smithsonian Institute, by order of Congress, and published among the Government papers at Washington in 1875.

JACQUES TAHUREAU.

THE middle of the sixteenth century in France saw a literary revolution which, regarded in its inception, extent, and effects, is almost without parallel in history. With this revolution the name of the *Pléiade* is inseparably connected. Seven men—Ronsard, Du Bellay, Belleau, Baïf, Daurat, Jodelle, and Pontus de Thyard—banded themselves together with certain well-defined aims, which included nothing less than a complete reform of the language and literature of their country. Up to this time French poetry had not broken off its connection with the Middle Ages; alike in matter and in form, in thought and the medium of thought, it still exhibited all the essential peculiarities of its mediæval origin. The object set in view by the members of the *Pléiade* (*La Brigade* as they more modestly began by calling themselves) was simply to cut off all poetic association with the traditions of the immediate past, and for inspiration and example to go right back to the great writers of Greece and Rome.

That which was exceptional in all this was not the object itself, but the strangely conscious and deliberate manner in which the work of reform was set about. Elsewhere changes of the same kind were in progress; elsewhere men were in the same way, if not to the same extent, forsaking the paths of their predecessors; elsewhere the old canons of criticism were falling into disrepute, and fresh standards of taste were being set up. But elsewhere, the men who threw themselves into the work of reform, were content, in large measure at least, to be governed by the conditions in which they found themselves. They either abandoned their native language altogether for that of Horace and Virgil,

or, choosing to speak in their own tongue, allowed themselves in the main to be ruled by its genius and peculiarities. The *Pléiade* would do neither the one nor the other. They would not give up French for Latin, as Mellin de Saint-Gelays did when forced at last to forsake the old style for which he had fought so long; and yet, on the other hand, French as they found it was by no means the idiom to suit their purposes. Hence nothing was left them but to attack the language itself root and branch as they were preparing to attack the matter and form of contemporary literature; to take the French of Marot and his school; to enrich it with a fresh vocabulary (for that purpose "pillaging without scruple the sacred treasures of the Delphic temple," and, like William the Testy, making "gallant inroads . . . into the dead languages," and taking captive "a host of Greek names and Latin verbs"); to strengthen the current idiom with new forms and turns of speech; and, in a word, to mould it upon the fashion and make it, as far as might be, conform to the peculiar genius of the classic tongues.¹

The manifesto of the league was issued in 1549, in the shape of a volume from the pen of Joachim du Bellay, entitled "*La Deffense et*

¹ The bastardising of a language has never been carried further than it was carried by the *Pléiade*, save perhaps in Holland during the sixteenth century.

"Bastaerd woorden vreemt,
Uitlands niet neemt";

said Kops, that is, "Take not strange bastard word from foreign tongues". But the injunctions of such purists have frequently been disregarded; and, during the period referred to, Gallic influences were so strong that the idiom in use for literary purposes became a perfect jargon—a well-nigh incomprehensible mixture of Dutch and French.

Illustration de la Langue Françoisse."

In the following year Pierre de Ronsard, Prince of Poets as he was enthusiastically called, and undoubtedly the greatest verse-writer of his age, brought out a little volume of odes, and furnished a practical illustration of the principles enunciated in the Defence. From this time forward, the Pléiade carried on the war with great activity; and though there was at first some opposition to their methods from writers of the older school, their influence was so great that they had things pretty much their own way for nearly half a century, and left a permanent impress on the literature of their land.

The literary revolution thus initiated was not likely to fail from any lack of enthusiasm for the new cause. The principal poets of the day, the younger poets especially, hastened to enroll themselves under the banner of the reformers; and the consequence was that before long Ronsard found himself at the head of an army of which La Pléiade formed only the nucleus. The modern reader, who has patience to turn over the works produced during this period of intellectual activity, will soon discover that in the outer circle of the reformers' ranks there were men who, judged by individual merit alone, deserve a higher place than some of their nominal leaders; in other words, that the Pléiade as a body did not represent the highest poetic water-mark of the time. It is of one of these free lances that I desire here to speak; of Jacques Tahureau, who, though intimately connected with the literary movement in question, is but little known to English readers of the present day.

This young poet himself has told us how

"Many in verse and chronicle
Have lightly passed the memory
Of those who fought exceeding well
For truth and right and victory,
And who, as judged by bloodshed bold,
The foremost place might fairly hold :

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"And thus have given all the praise
Of their untruthful pens to those
Who in their country's stormy days
Have turned their backs upon her foes;
Ignoring all the credit due
To men of valour good and true."

To some extent an injustice of this kind has been done to Tahureau. While so much has been written and said about the various members of the Pléiade, those *immortalisateurs d'eux-mêmes*, as they were scornfully called by Charles Fontaine, Tahureau has been virtually forgotten, notwithstanding the fact that his talent was probably equal to that of any of the coterie save Ronsard and Du Bellay, and that he was, taken as a whole, the most fresh, graceful, and unaffected of the lesser verse-makers of the time.

Jacques Tahureau was born at Le Mans in 1527, only three years after the birth of Ronsard. His father, also named Jacques, was lieutenant-general of Maine, and his mother was connected with the ancient family of the Tiercelins, various members of which he has celebrated in his verses. While still a mere youth he gave himself up with ardour to classical studies, and showed signs of a strong literary taste. These pursuits were, however, cut short when Jacques suddenly determined to follow his elder brother, Pierre, into Italy, where the war between Henry the Second and the Emperor Charles was then raging. He went through several campaigns, but presently growing weary of his adopted life, he relinquished the military career, and began once more to turn his attention to matters of greater interest to him. He had gone to Italy as a soldier; he remained there as a student. Before long his poetic instincts began again to assert themselves: and beneath the clear southern sky and amid the sacred associations of the past, he set himself to learn the sweet language *del bel paese là dove il si suona*, and to study the ancient masterpieces with renewed enthusiasm.

As it turned out, this journey to Italy was an important factor in Tahureau's career; for at Rome he met Joachim du Bellay who was there writing his "*Antiquités de Rome*" (translated by our own Spenser), and young Olivier de Magny who had been sent thither on a diplomatic errand. In this agreeable society Jacques spent some time. On his return to France he visited Ronsard, by whom he was graciously received. Pierre Ronsard's elder brother, Claude, had married Catherine Tiercelin, sister of Mary Tiercelin, Tahureau's mother. Hence the two poets were connected; and from the time of their introduction remained firm friends till death stepped in and broke up the association. The numerous references to Ronsard in Tahureau's writings show how fully the younger poet appreciated his distinguished friend. More than once he classes him among the great poets of the past; and in some verses addressed directly to him he says that the greatest gratification which had ever befallen him was, not to have been praised by the provinces or to have been well received by princes, but simply to have contented Ronsard's ear. "It is this alone," he says, "which has enabled me unblushingly to lift my face."

From this time onward Tahureau lived on the best of terms, not only with Ronsard himself, but also with other distinguished writers of the day, with De Baif, Du Bellay, Jodelle, La Péruse, and even Mellin de Saint-Gelays, who, now an old man, had made peace with the *Pléiade* which he had once so fiercely attacked. It was with De Baif, however, the author of "*Les Amours de Francine*" and "*Les Passe-Temps*" that Tahureau seems to have contracted the greatest intimacy; which was perhaps due to the fact, as fact it seems to have been, that the two young men were at that time in love with two sisters at Tours. The ladies sung and celebrated by the poets of the sixteenth century had often the dubious fortune never to

have enjoyed an existence more tangible than that given to them in their lovers' verses; but in the case of Tahureau's lady-love—*L'Admirée*, as he so prettily dubbed her—we may, I think, safely believe that she was no mere fancy mistress—no "solemn vision and bright silver dream," but,

"A real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed."

Tahureau himself has told us that he fell in love with *L'Admirée* (so must we call her, for otherwise, in spite of much conjecture, she is nameless) while still very young.

"My fourteenth year had scarce begun to
press me
Forth from the bounds of infancy,
When lo! I fell in gentle slavery
To those dear glances that did then caress
me."

Whether or not this version of the story represents the sober truth, unfortunately we cannot say; though there is nothing outrageous in believing that it does, remembering as we must the juvenile love-experiences of Dante, Byron, Heine, and others of the poetic brotherhood. What we do know is, that the young poet sang the praises of his lady-love, and the fullness and constancy of his own affection, in many sonnets, odes, and *mignardises amoureuses*, which gained for their author the enviable title of the French Catullus. It is pleasant, of course, to imagine that this poetic affection proved lasting and reaped its just reward; that after having chanted her beauty in verses of exceeding sweetness, the young poet should by and by take her to himself, and find in her possession the joy and satisfaction which he used to fancy must everywhere follow her steps. But I cannot find that there is any ground for believing that this ever occurred. It has indeed been said that Jacques did afterwards marry her; but upon what authority the statement is made, I am at a loss to know. That he presently took to himself a wife, we are specifically informed; but we are left in

the dark as to who or what she was. There does not at any rate appear to be any reason for supposing that she was *La Belle Admirée*. What evidence there is rather points the other way, and to the probability that, before his marriage, all intimacy with his old mistress had for some time been broken off.

But whoever the wife may have been, it is clear that Jacques did not long enjoy the pleasures of married life. In his little volume of "*Premières Poésies*," published some time before, he had spoken of the happiness which must attend those "who die in their ladies' arms" and who yield their last sigh upon the beloved lips. This happiness, at least, was reserved for him. Shortly after his marriage he fell sick, and died in 1555 at the early age of twenty-eight years.

Of his person and character we know but little, but that little is very favourable. One momentary glimpse we get of him in the pages of *M. La Croix du Maine*, who, in "*Les Bibliothèques Françaises*," writes of him thus :

"I never had the pleasure of seeing or knowing him myself, for when he died I was still too young ; but I have heard from those who had seen him that he was the finest gentleman of his time, and the most apt in every kind of graceful exercise."

Somehow—we should perhaps be at a loss to say how—there is that in his poems which seems to tell us that this description is not very wide of the mark.

It is hardly necessary to state that the works of Jacques Tahureau belong rather to the category of promise than to that of achievement. A poet whose career of development is cut short on the hither side of thirty, can scarcely, save in some few very exceptional cases, leave behind him much that bears the stamp of maturity ; and everywhere in Tahureau's verses we are reminded of the writer's youth by the presence alike of a young man's worst faults and of a young man's greatest excellences. That he would have grown out of many of the former, and deve-

loped many of the latter, seems at least likely ; for, judging even from his earliest writings, it is evident that he realised the responsibilities of a poet's career, and was not one to rest satisfied in easy mediocrity. He was ambitious, he was conscious of power, he determined to do something worthy of the talent that had been given to him. "Why should not I," he asks,

"Why should not I, even I, hereafter claim
Honour from Maine and from the country
round,
For having there first spread abroad the
flame
Of sacred song and the lute's pleasing
sound ?

"For as for me, my hope has still been this :
To live Apollo's favourite, and to sing—
His chosen poet—all his gentleness,
Quenching my thirst at Helicon's bright
spring.

"So that my head the poet's crown may wear,
And leaves of laurel may my brow entwine,
And honours such as glorious verses share
With deeds as glorious, may sometimes be
mine.

"And still I hope, in spite of youthful fears,
In spite of growls from many a jealous
hound,
In spite of death, some place in future
years
For these my verses shall at last be found."

Had Jacques Tahureau lived to reach his full powers, who shall say that the hope so naively expressed in these stanzas would not have been accomplished ? But it is idle to speculate on what might have been, had death spared the young poet. As it is, we have from his pen little but trifles—some of them very delicate, some of them very sweet ; but all of them showing the author as having so much in common, as regards form with other writers of his time, and as regards thought with youthful poets of all ages, that it is useless to search through his verses for any impress of his individual character.

Tahureau was, of course, in general sympathy with the reform initiated and carried forward by Ronsard and his followers. But it is worthy of remark that he never so far gave in his allegiance to the methods of that

reform as to adopt the worst extravagances of the Pleiads. He was never guilty of the distortions of language in which Du Bellay, for instance, so often indulged. Indeed, Tahureau in the preface to his "*Premières Poésies*," made it sufficiently clear that he had no desire to follow those who sought, not reform, but revolution. Warning the reader that he is not to be surprised if in the book he should come across "a few new words" introduced, he explains, only "through necessity or for the sweetness of the language," he goes on to say that he has seldom made such innovations, not wishing to imitate the affectations of those, "who do not fancy that they have written anything good unless at every turn they lard their books with an infinity of terms, new, rude, and out of the way, making themselves, by these and other such means, to be esteemed of those who admire nothing so much as what they the least understand." This is not the language of the thorough-going Pleiad. Indeed, Tahureau had too great an appreciation of what constitutes a poet ever to be beguiled into the worst habits of the leaders of fashion, or even to relapse into a mere lifeless and colourless imitation of classic writers. Read how he himself speaks of the poet's functions and aims in some verses which he wrote to Mellin de Saint-Gelays.

"Listen, Mellin! He who would
Be esteemed a poet good,
Must do more than merely task
All his powers to deftly mask
Some old fable, almost spent,
Beneath a specious ornament.
A poem to be really fine
Must resemble the design
Of a painter, whose great strife
Is to picture nature's life
Sentient, full . . . 'Tis not enough,
Then, to heap up ancient stuff—
Fables of the antique years—
Merely to surprise our ears,
If that which one would fain present,
Or great or little, be not blent,
And touch'd, and rounded, all and part,
With the poet's gentle art.
To-day, where'er we may be turning,
A thousand show their foolish learning,

Thinking to dig poetic glory
Out of a mass of ancient story;
Who write confusedly and ill,
Lacking alike both taste and skill,
Whose lazy verses halt and mend,
Possess no charm, and know no end."

One who could write thus was certainly likely, however much he might be coloured by the intellectual influences of the time, at any rate to escape some of the worst characteristics of those who, in their zeal for the classics, were neglecting their own individual and immediate sources of inspiration, and were thus doing their best to put dry imitation in the place of Nature.

The poetic works of Tahureau consist of the "*Première Poésies*," and the "*Sonnets, Odes et Mignardises Amoureuses de l'Admirée*," both published in 1554. In addition to these he wrote a prose oration to the King, "*De la Grandeur de son Règne et de l'Excellence de la Langue Françoisse*," and left behind him the manuscript of two satirical dialogues, "not less profitable than facetious," which were published ten years after his death. To give some idea of the general style of his work, let me here translate from his second volume of verse the ode (No. V.) commencing, "*Si en un lieu solitaire*."

"If to some lonely refuge I
Should with my weight of sorrow fly,
And there should seek retreat,
Were it upon the mountain's side,
Or where through verdant pastures glide
Slow brooklets murmuring sweet;

"The secret things about the place,
Though dumb to all the human race,
At once beholding me,
Would mutual join in pitying strain,
And breathe my plaints in plaints again,
Sighing in sympathy.

"Behold, wherever I should turn,
Nature responsive still would mourn.
The streamlet in its bed
Would swell in answer to my grief,
While many an herb to seek relief
Would flowery tear-drops shed.

"The fishes, too, would gather round;
The strongest oak would bow to ground
To hear my piteous cry;
And the wild satyr of the place
Forget the coyness of his race
To give me sigh for sigh.

" I watch a while the bird which now
Pensive doth perch on yonder bough,
Until, with sudden start,
She fills the forest's deep recess
With accents of a plaintiveness
To touch the hardest heart.

" I watch the sheep with silent gaze,
And even these forget to graze
To listen to my song ;
While caverns dark where echoes sleep,
With voices terrible and deep,
Join in to wail my wrong.

" Yet what avails that these attend
While I my heart with sorrows rend ?
How helps their sympathy,
While one I love denies relief,
Is deaf to all my bitter grief,
And heedless of my cry ? "

This translation, it may be perhaps well to add, must be taken as approximating very remotely to the flow and lilt of Tahureau's verse, which is easy and graceful in the extreme. His poems are indeed as a whole by no means easy to render into English. Let any one who wishes to test his abilities as a translator experiment upon the following stanzas from "Baiser I." in the "Sonnets, Odes et Mignardises." The poet is expending the wealth of his vocabulary in fancy names for his lady-love :

" Ma jazarde, ma mignarde,
Trepillarde, fretillarde,
Mon âme, mon cuer, mon mieux,

Toute belle, colombelle,
Passerelle, tourterelle
Ma perle, mon riz, mes yeux.

" Ma Nimphette, Driadette,
Ma doucette, ma garcette,
Mon teton, mon nombrillet,
Ma mignonne, ma belonne,
Mon doux myrthe, ma couronne,
Mon petit tendron douillet."

Strange to look back and think that once the warm brain of a young poet was beating out such verses as these in praise of the woman he loved ; and that to him and to her life was as real and as earnest, as full of thought and hope and ambition, as it is to him who writes these words and to those who read them ! Strange to think that now the fond lover and the beautiful beloved have passed into the everlasting silence and are forgotten ; while the volumes in which her praises were written and his thoughts were registered lie dusty upon the shelf. Well indeed might Tahureau exclaim :

" For all the thoughts and deeds of human-kind
In this poor world, are yet
Naught but an empty breeze, which leaves behind,
Dying, a vain regret."

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

DIVERSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.

(*Tertium Quid.*)

As the careful meteorologist is content to mark the daily and hourly facts of the weather, not boasting himself to be by far the best of prophets and forming no theories upon the phenomena of the heavens, but satisfied to leave his notes for some king of men amongst the meteorologists of the future to expand into a great weather-theory; so it is possible that a pedagogue may perform a useful task in recording certain known facts and realities of the scholastic world, to be used hereafter by some great professor of pedagogy in setting forth a comprehensive and accepted theory of that science. The existing conflict of opinions on this subject forbids the expression of the hope that such a theory is likely to be made in the immediate future. On the one hand we are told that classical education has had its day, and must make room for a general education in the natural sciences: on another, that it is not classical education that needs to be got rid of, but the existing methods of classical education; that we want not less but more of it, and that we have been these many years beginning at the wrong end in teaching the classics. Again, it is urged that, admitting language to be the most useful of educational subjects, we should devote our attention to the living rather than to the so-called dead languages. And when we look at the great divergence between the educational theories which have recently attracted attention, and the educational practices mostly in vogue in our largest educational centres, we must be persons of an extremely sanguine temperament if we can persuade ourselves that we are at all near the dawn of that day which is to shine on

a comprehensive and accepted theory of pedagogy.

It will be my object in this paper, as in those which have preceded it, to perform the humble but possibly useful task of recording certain actual and veritable occurrences in the school-world; but perhaps I may be allowed, as before, to use these experiences as a peg on which to hang a few remarks on some of the educational ideas which are before the world: not, I hope, in a spirit of narrow prejudice, though experience has taught me that to criticize a theory is too often to incur the reproach of bigotry and stupid conservatism. And to avoid a misconception that I have suffered from before, let me remark that, in writing of boys, I am writing mainly of those who are willing to be so styled; not of those "emphatically called men", who are members of Sixth Forms and hard to distinguish from the Freshmen of the Universities; but rather of those happy beings who do not mind being called what they really are: boys, whose ages range, say, from twelve to sixteen, and who are in that irresponsible and, too often, happy-go-lucky state of life that lies between childhood and early young-manhood.

No method in classical education has been more repeatedly and more severely attacked than that well-established one which we may call the method of the grammar and the dictionary. With some it is a favourite idea that the study of grammar should be a finishing rather than, as it is generally, an introductory step in learning languages. This is maintained in spite of the fact, which I suppose is generally recognized, that young boys are naturally gifted with

small powers of understanding and considerable powers of memory. If a grown man enters upon the study of a language new to him, he will probably find himself much mistaken if he proceeds to learn it as he learnt Latin or Greek when a boy. If he attempts first of all to master the inflections of the language, he will probably find that he cannot retain them, and that his best plan will be to take some book in the language he is intending to master, and to read it *pingui Minerva*, with the help of a grammar and dictionary to be used merely as books of reference. Boys cannot use a grammar as a book of reference: they have not the necessary intelligence and experience. It is far easier to them to get inflection by rote. Nature has given them retentive memories, and learning by heart is no great difficulty to them. Why should we attempt to treat them as men, and to teach them in a manner which is not adapted to their capacities? It is frequently said that the scientific study of grammar is one for mature intellects; but that is not enough to prove that boys do not learn best by a process that presents them with easy sentences for translation, and the main features of accidence and syntax.

The Hamiltonian system is from time to time quoted and praised, though Hamilton's books are now not easily met with, and the "total change in the primary schools throughout the civilized world", as Hamilton modestly puts it (that change being the adoption of his system) has not yet taken place. More than sixty years have passed since Hamilton wrote his rather angry and confused preface in English which is not what one would expect from a teacher of language. But in making his attack on the grammar and dictionary system, he is certainly too severe on that system as it existed in his day, while his arrows fly harmlessly over the head of the modern pedagogue. Surely, even in his day, masters (as distinguished from the

Hamiltonian teachers) were men and not monsters. Bad as a good deal was at that time in the educational world, it can hardly be anything but exaggeration to say, "to prevent the pupil from going too fast, he is strictly prohibited from getting assistance from any other source than his dictionary". His criticism of that book, too, is altogether unsound. He maintains that with an exceedingly few exceptions, "one word in any language can be translated by one word only into another; that consequently, when a dictionary gives fifty meanings to the same word, forty-nine are absolutely false and wrong". That book, on the contrary, if it be a decent specimen of its class, recognizes, indeed, that a word has a fixed original meaning, but from usage gets a considerable number of implied or figurative meanings; and those derived meanings it is only reasonable to give.

Sydney Smith's essay on the Hamiltonian system is not very convincing. It may be true that in his school-days the grammar and dictionary system was carried out in a blundering manner, and that many a boy became "lexicon-struck" rather than enlightened. But a vigorous attack on the blunders committed in one system is not the same thing as a successful defence of another.

Mr. Herbert Spencer seems to agree with the author of the Hamiltonian method, that it is in truth the only tolerable method, and that Hamilton was, so to speak, "the one and only Jarley". It is a far cry from Mr. Spencer to Archdeacon Denison; and at first sight it is a little surprising to find the Archdeacon on the side of Hamilton. He tells us in his Autobiography how badly he was taught French at school (and we need not doubt it), and how delighted he was with his progress in the same when he joined the Hamiltonian class. But the future Archdeacon learning Latin and Greek at the age of ten or twelve was a very different person from the future

Archdeacon learning French at seven-teen or eighteen. For a person of discriminating age whose education has been neglected, I imagine the Hamiltonian system, with some modifications, might be found extremely useful. But granting its usefulness in certain circumstances, one is rather amused by the claims made for it by its author and the woe he denounces on the head of the impenitent master.

Nature gives boys retentive if not quick memories, and only limited powers of understanding. But it would be a great mistake to allow boys to trade entirely upon their memories, and to make their work only a matter of rote. While we encourage them to use the memory in season, we have much to do to guard against their using it out of season. Most boys, in their desire to save themselves trouble, will endeavour to palm off the results of memory as the achievements of understanding. It is of no use attempting to prevent this altogether. To do so would be to reduce results to a minimum. But while we are careful not to force the understanding, we are bound to induce them to put it to some use, and to more and more use as they grow older. They will try to outwit us in this matter, and probably will succeed in doing so more often than we think. For example, if we do not take means to prevent it, they will learn Euclid by heart rather than by sense; and no doubt much of their work in Euclid is and must be more of the nature of rote-work than we think it. At the end of a lesson in Euclid the pupil is too often in a state of mind like that of Mr. Woodhouse over his accounts: "Mr. Woodhouse had been talked into what was necessary, told that he understood, and the papers swept away". Still we persist in our endeavour to make our boys follow the argument intelligently, and our reward is that a time arrives when Euclid, as they say, "comes to them". This is the result of their own efforts of memory combined with gradually successful attempts to follow

our explanations. It is a result likely to last, and surely a valuable one. There seems to be no good reason for thinking that the grammar and dictionary method in language may not be equally valuable. Of course it may be so applied and often has been so applied as to be comparatively worthless; but it is to be hoped that in these days no teacher allows a boy to use a dictionary without constantly trying to guide him to a sensible and restricted use of it, and never hears a lesson in grammar without adding to his pupils' rote-work illustration and explanation adapted to their capacities.

One can hardly doubt that the best parts of the Hamiltonian system were in vogue long before Hamilton's time, and are still in common use. Our lessons in construing and translation are to a certain extent Hamiltonian: what we call "unseen translation" is very much so. But the modern pedagogue has not yet been brought to share Hamilton's prejudice against the early study of the elements of grammar; nor do we agree with him in condemning the writing of those exercises which more than anything else give an insight into the meaning of syntax. Nor does the idea seem to gain ground that the natural sciences are the most desirable studies for the young. He would be a bigot indeed who should find a boy with a decided bias in that direction and still should keep him rigorously to the classics; but even in the case of a boy with a natural bent for science it is very doubtful if he could afford to dispense with an introductory training in language. I will quote from a correspondent, a gentleman engaged to a certain extent in teaching science; it will be noticed that both he and I use the word science in that restricted sense which some love to put on it.

"I am decidedly of opinion that science as an educational instrument is absolutely useless. It forms an admirable *seed*, but a wretched *plough*. If a boy's mental powers are developed by plenty of Latin, Greek, and

mathematics, he will soon outstrip on his own ground a boy who has had a couple of years' start in science to the neglect of these studies. Before I became a practical schoolmaster I agreed with the views of Herbert Spencer as expressed in his essay on education; but I now consider the methods he suggests altogether fallacious. . . . I think a boy of sixteen or seventeen, who has mastered a sufficient amount of mathematics, may study certain branches of physics with very great advantage. I may mention light and heat as being capable of exact mathematical treatment from the very beginning. . . . The reason why science forms a poor educational instrument is clear enough. It is because it consists of generalizations far too wide and deep for young boys to grasp".

And what pedagogue would not be glad to quote the following words from an address delivered by Dr. Thomas King Chambers, at St. Mary's Medical School, some three or four years ago? "No means has yet been discovered so potent for educating, that is, bringing out the power of the mind, as the grammatical study of the scientifically formed dead languages, especially if that study be combined with that concentration of the thoughts upon abstract ideas which is gained by mathematics". In our large public schools a laboratory, with instruction in natural sciences, forms a part of the curriculum, and were this instruction reserved for boys with a real taste for it, it would be a most desirable thing; but it is hard to see upon what principle boys, whose bent and whose definite aims are literary, should be brought in numbers to attend lectures in which they can be expected to take little or no interest.

One remark of Mr. Herbert Spencer's makes a severe demand upon literary men, and a demand which I imagine is not likely to be readily granted. He maintains that a knowledge of natural science adds very greatly to our powers of appreciating poetry. As a case in point, he instances a rock that has slid down a glacier in the Ice-Age; and he remarks how much more poetical a sight is that rock to one who can interpret the seams and scars upon it than to one who knows nothing of geology.

Possibly it may be so; but I cannot think the remark capable of more than a very narrow application. What has science to say to the "Prometheus Vincetus", to the fourth Georgic, and the sixth Æneid; to "The Tempest"; and "The Midsummer Night's Dream"; to "Paradise Lost" and "Comus"? Mr. Herbert Spencer personifies Science as a very grand goddess, as no doubt she is; but she must not be suffered to trespass on the lawful domains of the Muses, else we shall see Orpheus and his Eurydice, Oberon and his Puck, Prospero and his Ariel, bidden to pack. "The parting genius" of Milton will be "with sighing sent", if the creatures of Imagination are to be called upon by Science to stand and deliver; to render to her a satisfactory account of themselves or for ever to hold their peace. Verily Science, as a critic of poetry that has charmed the world for centuries, will be constrained to make use of a formula not unknown in the history of literary criticism, "This will never do".

But it is time to pass from theories to experiences, to certain isolated facts which have been witnessed in the scholastic world, and which may serve to throw some light on the nature of those who are but a little way advanced in the paths of education. But as soon as we begin noting down phenomena for the use of the great prophet of pedagogy yet to be born, we foresee the difficulties that will beset his path. What shall we say of the following? Did the perpetrator, in utter ignorance, imagine a vain thing, or is the achievement due to a matter-of-fact temperament? Plutarch says of Themistocles, ἡλαφὲν ἑαυτὸν ἐπὶ ὅλης τῆς Ἑλλάδος, where, for the benefit of those who have little Greek, it may be well to remark that the verb implies "exerted himself"; and this is the translation which I am doubtful how to spell as it was given *viva voce*, "He greased himself all over grease [Greece?]" Perhaps the same temperament was at work in this, *Hirundo fingit luteum opus*, "The swallow does

her dirty work"; but the following is capable of elucidation, ὁ σεμνὸς μάντις, "The prophet of June". The fact is, that the boy, looking out σεμνὸς in his dictionary, found "august", but got confused in his months. The much-too-good boy also is apt to go wrong from an excess of conscientiousness. I have known one of this kind, when required to render the following into Latin, "He had promised to lead them into battle, [and had said] that he was ready", &c., do so thus, *Pro-miserat se eos ad proelium ducturum* [] *velle*, &c. which he then explained: "I knew that the words in brackets were to be left out, but I thought I had better put the brackets in". This reminds me of a fine instance of what one of the authors of "Guesses at Truth" calls "the dashing style of writing". The nervous vigour of it would seem to be due to the writer's limited vocabulary, but it certainly reads rather too much in the style of our armies in Flanders. *Per ducis Evandri nomen, devictaque bella, Spemque meam . . . Fidite ne pedibus!* "In the name of your leader Evander and your —, and by —, do not fight with your feet"!

A few eccentric translations may here be enshrined. Πλάτων φιλόσοφος ἦν πῆγς, "Plato was a poor philosopher". *Pisces nactus sum ex sententia*, "I was born a fish by preference". *Pollicebaris te venturum* (1) "Pollicebaris ventured to be": (2) "Venture to be Pollicebaris": [apparently a classical parallel to "Dare to be a Daniel".] *Raros testantia mores*, "Bearing witness to his unaccustomed customs." *Coluber mala gramina pastus*, "A snake fed on good-for-nothing hay". A correspondent vouches for the following: *Les papes sont toujours des Italiens blanchis dans les affaires*, "The popes are nearly always Italian washerwomen in business"; but the next, like most of the blunders quoted in this paper, happened within my own experience: κάλυμμα ἔλε δῖα θεῶν κνάνειον, "The goddess took the blue veil". Ποδόνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις, is

rendered by one, "Swift-footed, long-winded Iris". When the Pedagogue in "Ion" advises Creusa to take vengeance on Apollo, she asks and he answers as follows:

KP. καὶ πῶς τὰ κρίσω, θνητὸς οὖσ',
ὑπερδράμω;

ΠΑ. πίμπρη τὰ σεμνὰ Λοξίων χρηστήρια.

which has been thus Englished; C. "And how shall I, a mortal, surpass the stronger?" P. "Blow the solemn shrines of Loxias!"

The following also have their points of interest. Πάντες δὲ οἱ τῶν βαρβάρων ἄρχοντες μέσον ἔχοντες τὸ αἰτῶν, "All the Persian rulers holding their own middles". *Vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile*, "The evening bear goes for the olives". Cicero said of the brother of the murdered Clodius with reference to the corpse, *In curiam potissimum abjecit*; but he did not mean, as one boy would have it, "He staggered very drunk into the senate-house". *Magna deum genetrix* I have known translated "Great governess of the gods", and "Great grandmother of the gods". Never did Mrs. Malaprop derange an epitaph better than a boy who, knowing the truthful to be identical with the beautiful, produced this version of "O let me hear thy voice," *Longis auriculis carmina mitte tua*.

Most of us are familiar with the lyric in "The Princess", beginning "Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums". I knew a boy write out the lyric correctly from memory, except for a ludicrous change of preposition which upset the whole.

"A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood across thy knee".

Parallel to this is a quotation I got from Gray to illustrate *Interea dulces pendens circum oscula nati*. I had hoped for, "And climb his knees the envied kiss to share", but I got

"Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play".

Naturally boys are more at home and less absurd in their prose exer-

cises; but even here they sometimes break out. The author of the aforementioned *Longis auriculis* justified his choice of that epithet by the following rendering of "The dog uttered a horrible howl", *Canis ululatum diaboliciusimum vocavit*. When I remonstrated with him for using such strange language, he very reasonably excused himself by saying, "I wanted to make it strong".

Boys' themes or essays are generally worth reading, for, dull as they are for the most part, they abound in literary surprises. The following obscure passage is from a junior theme on Robinson Crusoe. "There have been many claims as to the authorship of this volume as a gentleman assured the Rev. Benjamin Holdby that Lord Somerset told him that Lord Oxford wrote it when he was in prison, and that Lord Oxford had given it to Defoe. . . . Then as to the place where this interesting book was written. Some say that Defoe was under the frowns of the government when he wrote it; others say that it was written in a little village in Kent, and others in a field at Stoke Newington, but that it was written when he was under the frowns of government is thought most probable". And here is a remark apparently directed against the Church Militant, occurring in a theme on Ancient and Modern Warfare: "Fighting is not so much now man against man as canon against canon". But it would be an endless task to record the absurdities produced by bad spelling. One of my essayists had an eloquent passage on a short-lived genius: "Kirke White was soaring upwards to try and make a distinguished man of himself, when Death's sting struck him, and in the words of the poet Byron, 'O what a noble heart was here undone' ". The next specimen is from a history-paper: "He got into a row for dressing up like a girl and going into some sort of Woman's Rights Meeting". The boy was aiming at the rites of the *Bona Dea*.

This entirely irrelevant answer was on one occasion given to the demand, "Describe the translation of Elijah": "I do not know what the translation of Elijah is, but the translation of *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* is as follows". Unfortunately it did not follow at all. The boy who produced the next answer had been hoaxed, but I am assured it is a genuine product of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. Q. "What do you know of Isaac Walton?" A. "He wrote the complete Angler, and was such an enthusiast in his art that he was termed the Judicious Hooker". A note will be needed to elucidate the next sample. Q. "What is the Ecliptic?" A. "An imaginary line going round the Equator. It seems to be the path which the Earth goes round, but it is really the path to Heaven." This is due to a misconception of the definition given in the text-book, "The apparent path of the Sun through the heavens".

I shall make no attempt to classify the authors of the miscellaneous blunders that follow. "Jenny Lind", says one, "sang at Exeter Hall, and gave the proceeds to the London Hospital, also called Miss Florence Nightingale". The boy who started a proposition of Euclid with these words, "Let AB be a straight line, which is impossible", was plainly something of a philosopher. *Candente nitens elephanto*, "Leaning on a fiery elephant", is a graphic picture from the battle-field; but I have my doubts whether the following, related from a public school, is not apocryphal, *Rusticus quidam publicos ludos spectabat*, "A country gentleman was inspecting the National Schools". *Vere fabis satio*, says Virgil: "Truly I am full of beans", says a translator. *Vivax apium* has been not unnaturally rendered "The busy bee", but this was the work of an Oxford undergraduate. More boylike, perhaps, is the following, *Vétue à la Grecque*, "Virtuous in Greek". Many of my readers will remember the expression used by Virgil of the warrior's

chariot in the Happy Fields, *Similisque est currus inani*; but this rendering, a genuine one, will be new to them, "And the chariot is like an empty". And this perhaps will be also a surprise, *Immundum odorem*, "an unearthly smell".

Of course I am far from maintaining that this record of school-room blunders will throw any clear light on the nature of the schoolboys. They are offered less in the didactic spirit than in the hope that they may afford others, as they have afforded me, some diversion. Still, as I have said before, it is just possible that being facts, they may have their uses. The record of a blunder in the educational world, may be as useful as the gauging of a given day's rainfall in the meteorological world.

The late Head of my college used to say (whether at first or second hand, I do not know): "When you enter upon the study of any wide subject, you may expect to find yourself in three successive states of mind: first, that in which you think you will soon know all about it; second, that in which you feel that you will never know anything about it; third, that

in which you trust you know a little, and humbly hope that eventually you may know a little more." On the vast subject of the schoolboy I am certainly not in the first of these three stages. On a previous occasion I ventured to classify the perpetrators of academical blunders, but on reviewing my attempts in that direction, I am painfully reminded that "he who classifies, invents". As I have said before, I am content to record my experiences, and leave it to more philosophical heads to use the materials here supplied. Some twenty years, however, spent among boys do give one some claim to write and speak of them as one has found them. Their minds are not as their teachers' minds. There is a great deal about them that is and must remain very puzzling even to those who have the clearest recollection of their own boyhood. On observing their eccentricities, and their openness on the one hand and their excessive reticence on the other, one is inclined to speak of them as Waggle spoke of Wiggle: "Who *does* know that fellow's intrigues? . . . What a genius he is, if he would but apply himself!"

J. H. RAVEN.

THE LOST MATCH.

(A Tragedy of the Cricket-Field.)

It needs some courage in the face of this athletic generation to confess an antipathy to the game of cricket; and when the confession comes from one who has been in his day an enthusiastic (if not very competent) cricketer, the feeling it will doubtless stir in the hearts of about nine-tenths of the English-speaking race will probably be something much stronger than pity. Critics (it has been an article of their victims' faith long before Lord Beaconsfield was born) are the men who have failed in literature and art: a man can only hate cricket, it will be said, because he has failed to achieve distinction in the game, so falsely (as I now think) called noble. Well, let it be frankly owned that I never did achieve distinction as a cricketer—at least never in the form most commonly desired, though men have talked about me (when playing on their side), and I have even been written about in a local newspaper; but publicity was never to my taste—another point of difference between me and my generation. Yet though undistinguished, and content to be so, I have enjoyed the game and played it for many years as vigorously as a temperament and a frame more fitted for feats of repose than of agility would permit me, and at any rate with much (though not always unmixed) happiness to myself. And now the very name of cricket is as detestable to me as was cold boiled veal, or Mr. Croker, to Lord Macaulay.

Some years ago ("my salad days, when I was green in judgment") an old school-fellow was pleased to rally me at his dinner-table on my fondness for the game, especially in the unenterprising character of spectator; whereupon one of his guests (previously, and indeed since, a stranger to

me) snorted out some scornful observations on the intellectuals of a man who could carry such childish tastes into the serious business of life. I remember to have been a little ruffled with the Grobian at the moment, but am tempted now to find excuses for him. Perhaps he had suffered even as I. It is the story of those sufferings that I now propose to tell, if any sympathetic editor will grant me hearing. These Australian matches have set all England so mad on the game (even the sober "Times" must plunge into a leading-article on it!) that it may not be amiss to remind my countrymen that even cricket has its dark and dangerous side, like all other human institutions. And I believe that the man (no matter how firm a player he may be, even be he Lord Harris himself) who reads this pitiful tale (and it is as true as pitiful) will own that, making due allowance for the frailty of human nature, my antipathy, however un-English, is not unreasonable.

Batson and I had been friends from earliest youth. Some envious fellows used to say that it was due to his friendship more than to his judgment that I was given a place in the Eleven during my last summer-half at C—, that nursery of famous cricketers; and it may be (though they were a terribly jealous lot at that school) that the fellows were in this instance right. At Eton Batson continued his victorious career, but in the larger issues of the Playing-Fields friendship had to go to the wall. He did manage to get me a place in the Twenty-two one year, and bowled down my leg-stump with the first and only ball I received in the match,—a piece of unfriend-

liness which I more generously requited (for I was never a spiteful player) by letting him off in the slips before he had scored ten out of the hundred and odd runs for which he carried out his bat. There was a momentary coolness (on my part) between us after this, for I did think he might have given me a chance (as I gave him one) for friendship's sake. But as he pointed out to me that the fatal ball was an arrant long-hop which might, and should, have been hit into Fellow's Pond, I said no more about it, and for the future solaced myself with the more convenient society of Middle Club. At Oxford it was the same. Batson won his colours in his freshman's year, while I celebrated his triumphs in some very neat verses, which the Oxford "*Spectator*" (a most overrated periodical) persistently refused to print, and was occasionally given a place in our college eleven, when our opponents were not too strong and a place was vacant.

After taking our degrees—or rather, as I wish to be quite truthful, my tale not being one which allows, or indeed needs ornament, after Batson had taken his degree, for mine was left behind me—our friendship suffered no check. Our homes were in the same county and not far apart. Batson, always Fortune's favourite, had no more arduous future before him than to be his father's eldest son, for which he qualified by the sedulous study of all field-sports and unflinching attendance at all the balls, race-meetings, and other gatherings of the country-side.

His paternal acres were numerous, and in those days not unremunerative, besides that there was money in the family from other and less transitory sources. For myself, though my lot had fallen in no such golden places, I had not then much to complain of. My mother (who was a widow with no other child) was for a woman something of a philosopher, and came early to acquiesce in my reasonable view of life. Genius, I used to remind her,

does what it must, and Talent what it can. Now I have been always on the side of the Talents, but never a partisan; and I wished, before taking some irretrievable step, to satisfy myself what my talent could do. For my own part, I have long believed my bent to be distinctly literary; but as yet there has been some divergence of opinion on that point. However, they say, Fortune comes to him who can wait, and some day I trust to prove the adage true. Meanwhile, having a small but certain independence, I am content to wait. So my time too passed pleasantly enough, if not so triumphantly as Batson's. Filial duty (no less than economy) prompted me to give much of my time to my mother in the country; but it was also necessary for my affairs to keep touch of London (which was at no great distance), especially in the summer, when life is briskest in the great city. Then I was a constant attendant at Lord's and the Oval (as a spectator), frequented such and as much society as I cared for, and having some acquaintance with the actors was generally able to see what new plays were worth seeing. Altogether I enjoyed not immoderately the pleasures natural to my age and position, which, if not distinguished, has always, let me here observe, been eminently respectable. I have always been moderate in everything; so moderate that Batson was pleased to observe, after the publication of the class-lists at the end of my second year at Oxford, that it was curious I should not have satisfied the Moderators better than I did—a very paltry jest to my mind, but Batson was always a better cricketer than humourist.

Among my London friends was a worthy couple of the name of Noble. Mr. Noble was my banker (Noble, Wyde & Co.) and besides keeping my account, kept also a very pleasant house, an excellent cook, and—a daughter! It is prudent to be on some little social footing with one's

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banker, and in such circumstances prudence has no hard part to play. I was never one of those who think plain living indispensable to high thinking. If the thoughts won't come of their own accord, starving will not bring them. I have never wasted money on my own private stomach, but no man has ever enjoyed a good dinner at a friend's table more keenly than I, and Mr. Noble's dinners were certainly very good indeed. And then, his daughter! Angelina Noble—but her name is not Noble now, and I have no wish to return evil for evil and hurt her feelings by a description (description has always been my forte, as it was Byron's) of what she was when I first knew her.

Angelina was very fond of cricket, in a maidenly way. She had brothers, horribly nimble little imps, who used to make me play single-wicket matches with them in the garden of the square where they lived. I bore it for her sake (she used to score)—I would have borne much for her sake then. Dancing was never to my taste, but I went to every ball (when invited) where I knew she would be, for the pleasure of sitting out a dance with her (in the supper-room if possible); and many a time have I foregone a quiet day with my dear mother in the cool, pleasant country for the sake of her company in hot, dusty London. But it was at a cricket-match that Angelina shone above all other girls. She did not profess to know all about the game, as is the habit, I hear, of young women now; but she did know enough about it to understand my explanations and commentaries. I have (that is, I had in the days when I chose to exercise it) a quick eye for detecting the foibles of a player and a pretty wit for ridiculing them; and as I knew all the principal performers by sight, and the colours of all the principal clubs, and had moreover all the history of the game by heart, I was of course a most interesting companion for an eager and intelligent girl. Mrs. Noble was an easy-tem-

pered old lady, and as she always went to sleep during her afternoon's drive, Lord's was as convenient a place for that amusement as any other. So whenever there was a good match to the fore, the Nobles' carriage was to be seen on the ground, and I also was to be seen in attendance. Sometimes there were some stupid young dandies in attendance too, for Angelina was a very popular girl; and often, poor thing, have I seen her turn away with impatience from my animated criticisms on the game to answer a silly question from some brainless young guardsman about a dance or a flower-show, or any other equally unidea'd entertainment.

Angelina had often expressed a wish to see my individual prowess, of which she had (I cannot tell how) formed the most exalted ideas. She was pleased to say that one who talked so much about the game must be a good player. An aggressive self depreciation has always seemed to me the most offensive form of conceit, so I used to content myself with smilingly deprecating her flatteries, and perhaps with a little quotation from one of Lord Tennyson's poems, something to the effect that

"We are not now that strength which in old
days
Moved earth and heaven".

An offensive young puppy (who had nearly been in the Cambridge eleven, and pretended to write in the "Saturday Review") once seriously annoyed Angelina by finishing the last line: "That which we are, we are". The dear girl (ah, she had a heart then!) bit her lips and turned her pretty head away to hide her anger at the impertinence. I never did like Cambridge men,—but this is a digression. As a matter of fact, I had almost given up active cricket, except in the garden-square. I had offered two or three times to play for the Marylebone Club, and had indeed been asked once to fill a vacancy against the policemen, but as I was putting on my flannels

in the pavilion, the missing man came on the ground. It has always been my way to give the lads a chance, and when I found some aspiring young hero from the public schools or the universities anxious for a place in a good match I invariably made a point of waiving my claim. However, it so happened, when my pleasant friendship with Angelina was drawing to the close of its second summer, and when I was seriously beginning to speculate whether a good marriage might not after all be my true destiny, that Batson insisted on my playing for his annual match against the neighbouring garrison of Oisterton. I mentioned this to her one evening at the theatre (where she and I, under the ample and drowsy wing of her mother, had been laughing at Toole in "The Cricket on the Hearth"), and to my astonishment she told me that she was to be there. That her parents knew the Batsons I was aware—in fact Mr. Noble was their banker as well as mine—but I was not aware that there was any intimacy between the two families. I had never heard Angelina talk of Batson, and somehow or other I had never mentioned him to her. He very rarely came to London, and I don't think he had ever played at Lord's since he had helped to win his last match against Cambridge. However, it seemed now that she did know him, and knew of his prowess in the cricket-field. "I am *so* glad he is such a friend of yours", she said (though I had never said he was). "He is *such* a nice fellow, and *such* a good cricketer". (Angelina was nothing if not appreciative.) "He is a *great* cricketer, is he not"? I acknowledged that he had always been a very fortunate cricketer, but reminded her that he did not play very much now, and that she must not expect any very great things from him. "Oh, but I do", was her reply; "from him and from you too. How nice it will be for you old friends playing together again"! I thought of that fatal day at Eton when we had played together

in Upper Club, and felt glad to think that this time at any rate he would not be able to bowl me out first ball. Angelina was then proceeding to ask me who else was to be at Bowlsover (the Batson's place), when the curtain came down and her mother woke up, and I was sent off to look for the carriage.

I was not altogether pleased to think, as I walked home that night, of Angelina's being a spectator of my performances. That sentence of hers (pleasant enough to hear when there was no chance of its being put to the proof) that a man who talked so much about cricket must needs be a good player, kept running in my head. She knew such a lot about the game too, thanks to my teaching! And then, fond as I was of her company, and fond as I was of my old friend Batson, I thought it quite possible that I might be happier with either in the absence of the other. Batson had a confoundedly popular way with women. I really don't know why, for I never thought him very good-looking and his jokes were always insufferably tedious to me. But so it was; and as for Angelina she was a terrible little hero-worshipper; if Batson got a big score, or did anything wonderful, I should never hear the last of it. However, there was no help for it. I was to play for Batson's eleven in a week's time, and Angelina—my pupil with whom I had so often laughed at another's pain—Angelina was now perhaps to have the chance of laughing—no, the thought was decidedly not pleasant.

The intervening days did not pass very gaily. I only saw Angelina once, and then she would do nothing but talk of Bowlsover and wonder whether Batson or I would get the largest score. I reminded her that the best players sometimes failed to make runs; all she said was (and it is astonishing what silly things even clever women will sometimes say), "Oh, but I shall be *quite* content if you make some". Then I went up to

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Lord's one morning for some practice at the nets, thinking it well to get my eye in with something more serious than the play in the garden-square, and uncommonly nearly got my eye out with a short bumping ball at which I had played forward, the stupid bowler having just previously taken my wicket with a pitched-up one I had played back to. This did not add to my gaiety, and as the day drew near I heartily wished I had never promised to play in this confounded match, and almost that I had never met Angelina.

Bowlsover Hall was big enough to house all our eleven besides a full complement of guests. So when I drove over from home on the afternoon before the eventful day I found a large party gathered on the lawn for tea; men and women, boys and girls, to say nothing of dogs, an animal for which I by no means share the general passion. Angelina had brought down with her a dachs-hound of which she was absurdly fond and insisted on carrying about with her everywhere: a loathsome little beast I had always thought it, but was of course careful to dissemble my feelings in the presence of its mistress, though I had occasionally ventured to express some surprise at the extravagant caresses she was wont before my very eyes to lavish on the ridiculous little monstrosity. Most of our eleven were known to me, being composed chiefly of the neighbouring young gentry, with an Eton boy (who, if impudence can make a cricketer, should have been the best in the land), a young Guardsman (whose Zingari cap appeared to be his chief title to play), and a professional bowler from the county-club.

After tea the players went out on the ground for practice. I did not join them, though Angelina was very anxious that I should do so. But I explained to her that it would be imprudent, merely for the sake of hitting the ball about for the amusement of the company, to run the risk of getting

too stiff for the real work on the morrow. So we sat and watched the fun, the ground being only divided from the garden by a wire fence and ha-ha, while I entertained my pretty companion with some lively biographies of the players. Very pleasant it was, till the young Guardsman (as arrant a young puppy as ever blundered over his goose-step) joined us, and began to pester Angelina with his empty prattle.

At dinner our large party was still further increased by the parson and his wife. My place was next to his (between him and the Eton imp), and as I always make a point of being civil to a parson in his own parish we got on very well together. Of course our talk ran chiefly on cricket. Poor fellow! he told me he was very fond of it, and as he seemed to have some intelligent ideas about the game, and had doubtless little chance of seeing it well played now, I gave him all my best *ana*. It was in the middle of one of my liveliest stories—the description of a famous university match some years ago which was only won a few minutes before time on the third day by one wicket—that greatly to my astonishment he ventured to correct me on a certain point. Now, as a matter of fact, I had not myself been present on the occasion, but I had heard and read so much about it that I had no mind to be contradicted on a subject which was really my own by a mere country parson. Curiously enough, however, he turned out to be right, having in fact been the very man who made the winning hit. I was much amused—and so was the little wretch on my other hand. “I say, old chap”, he said afterwards (before Angelina, too!) “the parson rather bowled you out at dinner, eh?” It is absurd to be angry with a boy, especially with a boy considerably bigger than yourself; but I could not help thinking that when Mr. Sala described (in one of his voluminous works, but in which I forget, only remembering to have read it when

I was at the school, when it was unanimously voted a gratuitous piece of impertinence) an Eton boy as the most offensive creation on earth (or words to that effect) he must have foreseen such a specimen as this.

The next morning rose with every promise of a real cricketer's day, bright and warm and windless. The garrison-team arrived on the ground in good time, bringing with them their band and, to my intense disgust, Mr. Blower, the great (at any rate, the large) Australian cricketer, then temporarily resident in England. They had been disappointed of a man at the last moment, and Mr. Blower (being on a visit to Oisterton) was impressed to fill the vacancy. I urged Batson to object to him, but he said it would not be courteous. For my part I have always thought courtesy a most misplaced virtue in the cricket-field, and I suspect Batson was of the same opinion before the game was done. Our opponents, being mostly cavalry officers, were a showy lot of men. Some of them turned out to be friends of Angelina, who, I may here observe, was very fond of soldiers as well as cricketers. One of them, a huge overgrown sort of a lout with moustaches to match, had been at C—— with me, and hailed me by a silly nickname that should have been long ago forgotten. I flatter myself I rather turned the tables on him by asking him if he remembered the caricature I drew of him and his brother—Cherubim and Seraphim we used to call them, because when they first came they did nothing but cry continually. He said he did, and also the “jolly good hiding” (vulgar beast!) he gave me for it.

We won the toss, and of course went in. Batson and I led off: “To break the bowling, Miss Angelina”. (Why not Miss Noble? But Batson was always rather too familiar in his manners with the other sex for my taste; and indeed it had become clear to me that the acquaintance between him and Angelina was much more

confidential than she had led me to suppose.) “Mougher's a wonderful fellow for that”. I smiled deprecatingly, and had begun my favourite quotation from Lord Tennyson, when the Eton boy (Hogg *minor*, and rightly named) broke in with—“Oh, blow your poetry, old cock. We don't want any verses out of school. Go in and smack 'em”. I pitied the delicate and intelligent Angelina being left to such society, and walked with Batson to the wickets.

We were very successful. For, though the first wicket fell before a run had been scored, ninety were up on the board for the second, when Batson was bowled for fifty, made rather flukily I thought. It was all very well for that young jackass of a Guardsman to maintain that the proper business of a batsman is to make runs, and that the man who scores fifty with any amount of chances is a better man than he who plays in the correctest form possible for nothing. At cricket, as at everything else, it was my maxim that style will always tell in the long run. “But if you don't get a run at all”, was the flip-pant answer, “what has your style got to tell?” and I was much vexed to see Angelina smiling at such nonsense. After Batson was out we didn't do so well. However, the professional played steadily, and that wretched little Hogg managed to make some runs in a village-green sort of fashion, which was of course vociferously applauded by the onlooking rustics. How curious it is that in England, where every man is supposed to be born a cricketer (as in Wales every man, they say, is born a liar) the common mind should be so extremely unintelligent on the subject. Look at the newspaper reports of a match; to say nothing of the grammar and the language (for which no sensible man of course ever looks in a newspaper), consider its ridiculous ignorance of the very rudiments of the game. In his account of this very match, for example, the local reporter (after maundering through a couple

of columns on the beauty of the weather, the ground, the music, and the ladies' dresses, with a lot of fulsome adulation of Mr. Batson's good lunch and Mrs. Batson's good manners and their son's good play) observed that, "the very first ball of the match, a *low shooter*, sent Mr. Mougher back to the tune of a round O". A low shooter, indeed! And I had made a point of being introduced to him, and even accepting a glass of beer from him, for the express purpose of explaining how it had all happened; the real fact being that just as I was about to come down smartly on the ball (a very common-place one) I saw a wretched little worm wriggling out of the ground on the very spot. I was particularly happy afterwards in my quotation to Angelina of Wordsworth's caution,

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels".

One hundred and fifty was a very tolerable score, but not magnificent. Some of our opponents had great regimental reputations (with soldiers all their geese are swans), and there was no saying what the Australian might not do if he got well set. They were all out for sixty! The great Mr. Blower falling first ball to a catch in the long field—really a very easy one, though little Hogg made it look a hard one by having to run for it (through not being in his proper place), tumbling down and rolling over like an absurd little white rabbit. The only one who made a double figure was my old schoolfellow; and he (said that sagacious reporter!) "should have been snapped first ball had Short-leg been a little quicker on his pins". He certainly did play a very poor innings, but that was pure nonsense. I knew well enough there was no catch, and by not swaggering to make it one (as little Hogg would have done) should have saved the run if that fool of an umpire had not got in the way. Batson bowled with

wonderful luck, and we were all loudly cheered as we came in. The rustics crowded round little Hogg, punching and slapping him on the back as if he had been a prize pig; and Angelina's congratulations to Batson were positively almost nauseous. Young people nowadays are very thoughtless, and I am afraid rather selfish, and I always make a point of setting them a good example by going even out of my way to be civil to the old folk. So while all the fussing and complimenting was going on, I went off with a cup of tea to old Mrs. Noble, who was dozing away by herself in a shady corner. What with the sun, and the crowd, and the music, and the lunch, the old lady had grown a little stupid. She woke up with a start, spilled the tea over my flannels, and asked me what I had been doing with myself all the afternoon. Certainly it is not always easy to reverence old age.

There was still an hour and a half left for play when the garrison went in for their second innings to the bowling of Batson and the professional. This time things went by no means so smoothly. Blower and a stout little Major Blockham went in first and made a lot of runs. Blower hit like a kangaroo kicking, and the Major made singles on the on-side with the most aggravating persistency. The bowler has of course the right to give laws to his field, but Pilcox (our professional) was certainly the fussiest bowler I ever had to do with. To please him I good-naturedly went from short-leg into the slips; from the slips he subsequently transferred me to "silly" point (where that hulking brute Blower hit me very painfully in the stomach with a ball no other man on the ground would have had the pluck, I flatter myself, to stop in that fashion); and then, after having moved all over the field without a protest, I actually heard the rude fellow say to Batson, "Blowed if I know, sir, where that there Mr. Mougher's like to do least mischief".

They say cricket promotes good-fellowship and brings the classes and masses together, but for my part I think our professionals are getting a great deal too much above themselves.

The hundred was up and not a wicket down when, as a last resource, the Guardsman was put on to bowl lobbs, and, after Blower had been missed in the long-field off his first ball (the sun was right in my eyes, as any one but a reporter would have seen), got the Major stumped. He had only scored thirty after all, and precious badly, too. But of course I joined in the applause (as is the rather absurd fashion of the cricket-field), and then heard him say to Angelina (who must needs pretend to congratulate him!) with an odious affectation of modesty, "If it hadn't been for your friend Mr. Mougher, Miss Noble, I am afraid it would have been all over with me long ago".

It was foolish of Batson to keep that Guardsman on. He had played his part (small thanks to him!) and ought to have been taken off at once. But he was not, and, as any one might have guessed, Blower began to hit him all over the place. I was still in the long-field, just in front of the ladies, when there occurred one of those unfortunate misadventures against which no man is safe. Blower had opened his shoulders to one of the Guardsman's guileless half-vollies, and the ball was soaring through the blue sky right for my hands. I waited for it with admirable judgment and in another moment it would have been all up with Mr. Blower, when Angelina's dachs-hound ran yelping out at me. I saw one step back was necessary and made it—right on to the beast! Down we came, dog and man, amid the laughter of the crowd, the shrieks of Angelina, and the squeals of the little brute, while the ball pitched within an inch of my head, and then flew among the ladies, knocking old Mrs. Noble's parasol out of her hand and half clearing the tea-table. I am happy to say my spikes

stirred up the abominable cause of all this woe pretty smartly, which went far to console me for a shrewd nip I got in a delicate part of my person during my struggles on the ground. This was the last prominent incident of the day. One more wicket fell, and when play ceased the garrison were sixty runs on with eight more wickets to fall.

I must say that Angelina was extremely provoking that evening. She was unreasonable enough to ask me if I did not intend to apologize to her darling; and on my answering (for I was really sore, in more places than one) that in my opinion the apology had not to come from me, she went off in a huff to flirt disgracefully with every one who came in her way. As Oisterton was only some half-dozen miles away our opponents had no need to hurry back after dinner, and Angelina had ample time to disgrace herself,—even to the extent of professing to be vastly interested in Mr. Blower's narrative of his triumphs on his native cricket-fields, which as they seemed to have been mostly won in a curious and remote corner of the Australian continent (sounding like Mullygrubidgee) whereof no man present had ever heard, he was able to give in a highly decorated manner. I was so disgusted with her petulance that I turned my back on her and sought the company of Mrs. Spiridion, a most intellectual woman who, having abolished Christianity in a three-volume novel, was naturally superior to the common vanities of her sex. She was very much impressed with my views (detailed at some length) both on religion and romance, and certainly I was not the sufferer by Angelina's folly.

I rose early next morning, proposing to have a little cricket on the quiet before the rest were about. Of course the persistent ill-luck of the previous day might just as well have happened to a Steel or a Grace as to me; still I felt that half-an-hour or so of gentle unruffled practice would do me no

harm. One of the garden-boys could bowl sufficiently well for my purpose, slow, easy things, just the sort to get an unused hand and eye into trim again. It was a beautiful morning and I enjoyed myself extremely; so did the little boy, who naturally found running after my hits and his wifes an agreeable change from eternally pottering among his stupid flowers. No one was about, except Akers, the bailiff, an impudent fellow who was made much of in the family for his quaint speech, which was merely gross impertinence. He watched me for some time in silence, till I let the boy (it was always my way to encourage young players) bowl me out with a ball that might have gone, had I pleased, into the next parish. Then he broke out with: "Well, I do say—I was a saying to the Squire on'y yesterday, when you was bowled out fust ball, Squire, I says, it's queer, ain't it? that a gen'leman so won'erful fond of the game as Mr. Mougher should make such an uncommon poor show at it." Of course I did not answer the brute; and the little imp of a boy lost sixpence (which I had intended to give him) by grinning at the impertinence.

At breakfast Angelina evinced a desire to atone for her past misbehaviour by expressing (though she need not have done so in a room full of people) a hope that my wound was not painful and that to-day would make amends to me for yesterday. I really liked the girl, so ignoring the slight want of taste shown in the place and manner of her apology, I answered very graciously and we became good friends again. I proposed a stroll together round the garden after breakfast that I might read to her a few witty little trifles in the manner of Præd that had lately been occupying my leisure moments. Nothing could have given her more pleasure, but (unfortunately for her) she had promised to play lawn-tennis with Batson against the Guardsman and the inevitable little Hogg. She asked

me to take her mother to the kitchen-garden, anything that had to do with the nourishment of the human frame being particularly interesting to that old lady. I did so; and heard afterwards that the gardener (there is no such insufferable member of the menial classes as a pampered gardener) had complained severely to Mrs. Batson of the havoc I (I!) had wrought among the wall-fruit.

Twelve o'clock found us all out on the cricket-field again; and half-past one found the Garrison all out, too, with only sixty runs more to their score—and those might have been considerably reduced had the wicket-keeper chosen to take a catch which he impudently declared to belong to short-leg. I had no intention of allowing a young jackanapes to teach me a business learned long before his nurse had done spanking him, and the next time occasion served I returned the ball to him in a manner that would have made him remember me for some time to come, had it not gone over his head to the boundary for four. Batson's luck was quite extraordinary. He bowled down five wickets clean, and got two others caught off him. Of course I was very glad to see my friend distinguish himself; but had I been in his position I should have been better pleased to see some share of this fortune fall to others—who certainly had deserved success, and perhaps might have commanded it had they been allowed a chance.

One hundred and twenty-one runs was no great score to make on that wicket and against such bowling, and we went into lunch with no forebodings. Batson wished me again to go in first with him, but I declined. It was better that the youngsters should play their part before the pinch came, if it was to come, when older heads and steadier nerves would be wanted. There was no spark of envy in my composition; and if victory was destined to smile on our colours without help from me, so much the better for lads who were naturally more

eager to shine than one who had left long behind him the petty triumphs of youth.

It was a pretty scene. The bright cloudless sky, the smooth green turf dotted with the white-robed, quick-glancing players, the tents with their gay fluttering flags, (and old Batson's claret-cup was really excellent), the ladies in their many-coloured dresses, the music and the cheering rustics. Certainly I could have preferred some other time for advising Mrs. Spiridion on her next novel. But she felt it her duty to provide mankind with a religion in the place of that she had abolished, and wished to consult me on the propriety of a modified form of Paganism. Other folks' business moreover has always been of paramount importance to me; and then there was really no knowing what nonsense the poor woman might not be writing without a masculine intelligence to help her. So I paced the silent alleys of the old garden with her for a good hour, recalling somewhat misty memories of Bohn and old Lempriere to her great edification.

Meanwhile the game went merrily on in our favour, till seventy runs had been made with the loss of only two wickets. But then came a grievous change. A sudden weakness seemed to have seized our players, and five more wickets fell for an addition of only twenty runs. With only three men left to get thirty-one runs, things looked much less rosy. But Batson was still there, and little Hogg and the professional were to come, besides myself. The score had reached one hundred and fifteen when I walked out, the last man, to join Batson and win the match. I was not in the least nervous—that I never was—and remember every incident of the scene. The band was playing that pretty old Scottish air, "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming"; and curiously enough I had kept them waiting a little, having been obliged to ask the butler for some brandy and seltzer-water in con-

sequence of a sudden faintness to which I have from a child been liable in moments of excitement. Batson received a maiden over, and then my turn came. The bowler was an artful fellow, but he had met his match. Three slow half-volleys running did he pitch up to me a little off the leg-stump, which most players would have hit out at and very likely been caught; and three times running did I carefully cover my wicket and let the idle ball go by. The fourth was faster, with a nastyish break, and if I had not got smartly out of the way might have inflicted a severe blow on me. "Stand up to 'em, old cock," shouted that wretched Hogg *minor* from the tent, and the wicket-keeper had the bad taste to laugh; but of course I took no notice of either. In the next over Batson made a very fluky hit for four, which he wanted to make five, obviously for the purpose of getting the ball, a piece of presumption on his part to which I did not feel called to respond. He aggravated his fault by reviling me—me, his father's guest, on his own ground, who certainly knew as much about cricket as he did if I made less show about it! However I held my peace: the game was in our hands and I had made up my mind to win it. Only two runs were wanted now, and those two would have been made in the very next over (by two beautiful strokes in the slips) had not Batson actually refused each time to run. To my not unnatural remonstrance he answered that it was not "my call", and that there was no run. Not my call! Perhaps not; but it *was* my hit, and that was why there was no run! I felt really hurt to see my friend, at his age and at such a moment, exhibiting the contemptible jealousy of a school-boy. The last ball of the next over Batson played forward between point and mid-off who was standing rather far out on purpose, as I knew, to provoke some rashness. He shouted to me, and came pounding down the wicket—

Of course I was sorry, but Batson was rightly served. If he had not been so greedy to secure the honours for himself, he could easily have got back to his wicket in time. It was a very near thing as it was, but he was out, and we had lost the match by one run. I did not upbraid him, though it was certainly hard upon me to lose my triumph through another's folly; and my forbearance might at least have kept him quiet. It did not however, nor anybody else; and really, if brawling had not been always particularly distasteful to me, I should have felt myself obliged to speak sharply to that young Guardsman when I heard him say to Angelina, "There's that fellow Mougher" (*fellow* was not really the word) "run old Batson out, and 'pon my honour I believe he did it on purpose". Angelina can have believed no such thing, but she had the incredible baseness to pretend to do so; and really the behaviour of everybody was so contemptible that I determined to have no more to say to them. I shook the dust from off my shoes at the whole jealous lot, went back to the house, packed up my things, ordered my cart, and drove away home without saying good-bye to anybody—except to Mrs. Spiridion, whom I found in the hall making notes for her new novel from a translation of Lucian.

That, no one will be surprised to hear, was my last cricket-match. It was also my last visit to Bowlsover; for feeling myself obliged as a gentleman to explain to Mrs. Batson the reasons for my sudden departure, I received in reply a very curt note from her son which, though I passed

it by in silence, my self-respect would not allow me to forget. Angelina is now Mrs. Batson. I wish her no ill, nor her husband; though I believe that the extremely stale egg with which I was greeted on recording my vote against him at the last election for our division of the county was thrown by that identical little gardener's boy whom I had allowed to bowl to me. On my return to London I wrote her a manly, generous, forgiving letter, in which I felt myself obliged to warn her against the evil nature Batson had revealed in his note to me. Her answer was couched in tones which surprised and pained me excessively, and since that time I have held no further communication with her or any member of her family,—except to acknowledge a purely official letter from her father calling my attention to the state of my account.

For myself, I am still a bachelor. Perhaps I shall never marry; but should I do so, on one point I am adamant. No child of mine shall ever play cricket. Squails, lawn-tennis, knur-and-spell, golf—he may solace his young hours with each or all of these amusements: he may even go about to break his neck from a bicycle, if he will; but no cricketer shall ever call me father; and Mrs. Spiridion—of whom I see a great deal now, and of whose new novel (not yet published) I am writing a review (of which she is obligingly correcting the proof-sheets) for an American magazine—entirely approves my resolution.

AURELIUS MOUGHER.

A SCOTTISH CHANCELLOR.

To every right-minded Scot there is a peculiar charm in the ruins and remains of St. Andrews; while for the Southron they have also an interest, historical, antiquarian or picturesque. A building in that old cathedral city, now occupied as a young ladies' boarding-school, was once the dormitories of a learned college, and close by are the roofless ruins of its chapel and hall. Nought remains of St. Leonards in fact but its name, which is coupled with that of St. Salvator in the title of the so-called United College—its revenues were appropriated long ago by reforming nobles and pious politicians, who thought thereby to do God service.

The founder of this ancient College, whose work has thus been made foolishness, was a royal Stuart, and in spite of his bar sinister, one of the noblest of the race. Under more favourable biographical auspices he might have become a national hero. Historians have treated him but scurvily, and his niche in the Scottish Walhalla is almost out of sight.

The Boyds of Bonshaw were a proud and a powerful family, rich in lands and possessions. They were related to the celebrated Chancellor Boyd, and a daughter of this house, Mary Boyd, was one of that numerous band of young Scotchwomen of all ranks who fell a prey to the affections of their gallant King,—James, fourth of the name. In the year 1493 her son was christened Alexander, the King standing sponsor, in no wise ashamed of this addition to his large illegitimate family. Educated as a prince, watched over by carefully chosen tutors, the boy grew up to charm and fascinate all with whom he came in contact. His father recognized that he was a youth of no common promise, and, as he could not make him a king, determined that he

should be the first subject in the kingdom. In 1503 the King's younger brother (also called James), the Archbishop of St. Andrews, died at the early age of twenty-eight, and the young Alexander, then only ten years old, was chosen by his father to be his uncle's successor in the Primacy. This was no very unusual selection in those golden days of nepotism. The deceased primate had been consecrated when only twenty-one, and the Cardinal de' Medici (Leo the Tenth) was in holy orders at the age of seven and a member of the Sacred College at eighteen.

The learning of Scotland has in all times had in it a foreign element, sometimes imported from the Sorbonne and sometimes from England or Germany. But in 1505 Scottish students were unwelcome at Oxford, and the civilization of Germany was at no very attractive stage in its development. So after being instructed in pure Latin by Panter, afterwards Latin Secretary to the King, the young Alexander was sent forth from Scotland to knock at the gates of those temples of learning which had been reared in the land of Petrarch. About the same time the attractions of Italy induced that great Dutchman who "learned Greek at Oxford and taught it at Cambridge," to set forth from England to a journey to that same El Dorado. Neither in the letters of Erasmus nor in the scraps of literary remains left by Stuart is any record to be found of how these two first met. We first find them at Padua for a short time in 1508 in the relation of tutor and pupil, Erasmus instructing Stuart in Greek, Latin Composition and Rhetoric. The description of his pupil's outward appearance is given by Erasmus in a letter from Padua: "He is of heroic stature and extremely hand-

some, as his father also is, very dignified in his carriage and of a most gentle and amiable temper."

Erasmus was now regularly intrusted with the education of the young Scotsman, and in 1509 removed with him to the University of Siena. Siena is one of the most charming towns in all Italy. Perched on the top of a hill in the midst of a lovely country, with its quaint sinuous streets, its gorgeous tiger-striped cathedral and old-world houses, it has to this day all the appearance of a mediæval University town, and can have altered but little since the time that Erasmus and his young savage from beyond the North Sea first found a resting-place within its walls.

In a letter written from Siena Erasmus gives a charming picture of the young prince and of his manner of life. He says :

"I was at one time domesticated with him in Siena where I instructed him in Greek and Rhetoric. Good Heavens ! how quick, how attentive, how persevering in his studies ! how many things he accomplished ! At one and the same time he learned law—not a very agreeable study on account of its barbarous admixtures, and the irksome verbosity of its interpreters : he heard lectures on rhetoric, and declaimed on a prescribed thesis, exercising alike his pen and his tongue ; he learnt Greek, and in the afternoon applied himself to music, to the virginals, the flute or the lute, accompanying them sometimes with his voice. Even at meals he did not intermit his studies. The Chaplain always read some useful book, such as the decretals of the Popes, or St. Jerome or St. Ambrose. At other times he would listen to tales, but short and connected with literature. In this manner no part of his life was exempt from study, except what he devoted to piety and sleep. And, if he had any spare time he employed it in reading history, in which he took great delight. Thus it happened that, though a very young man scarcely out of his eighteenth year, he excelled not only in every kind of learning, but in every quality which one can admire in a man. Nor did that happen to him which sometimes happens to others, the more apt to letters the less apt at morals ; for his morals were pure yet mixed with uncommon prudence. His mind was noble, and far above sordid affections ; yet so constituted that there was nothing forward or fastidious about him . . . He greatly enjoyed wit and humour, but it was of a literary kind, and not too caustic,

that is he loved not the wit of Momus so much as that of Mercury. If any discord arose among the servants of the household it was admirable with what dexterity and candour he would allay it. In a word he was religious without being superstitious. No king was ever blessed with a more accomplished son."

Thus, and at still more length, does the great scholar give evidence of the friendship he bore to his young pupil, and on reading it one is almost inclined to believe that before the days of Crichton there was a young Scotsman as admirable as the Dumfriesshire paragon.

After studying for some time in this way at Siena, ransacking doubtless the stores of that library whose walls the young Raphael only six years before had made beautiful with his frescoes, Stuart turned his face towards the Holy City and paid his respects to the Pope. Julius the Second at that time occupied St. Peter's chair, as hot-tempered and belligerent a Christian as the Apostle himself, in consequence of whose warlike policy all Europe was disturbed by wars and rumours of wars. He received Stuart with great kindness, granted him a dispensation permitting him to hold the Archbishopric in spite of his youth, and entered into a treaty with Scotland whose plenipotentiary Stuart had been constituted. This was not the young man's first experience in diplomacy, for in 1508, before he went to Padua, he was sent along with the unfortunate Earl of Arran on a mission to Lewis the Twelfth of France, and it is almost certain that he took advantage of this occasion to study for a short period at the University of Paris.

Yet another honour, that of Chancellor, was to be conferred by the King on his favourite son. Though the office of Lord High Chancellor of Scotland was never one of such power, or even quite of such dignity, as that of the Keeper of the Great Seal of England, it was from very early times one of the greatest positions a subject could occupy, and the constant intercourse between Scotland and the Eng-

lish as well as foreign courts resulted in a tendency, manifested in a growing degree both by the sovereigns and by the various holders of the office, to magnify it and increase its powers, emoluments, and dignities. In the words of an ordinance of later date, "The Chancellor shall at all times assist the King in giving him counsel more secretly nor the rest of the nobility to whose ordinances all officers as well of the realm as of the King's house should answer and obey. The Chancellor shall be lodged near unto the King's grace for keeping of his body and the seal, and that he may be ready both day and night at the King's command." Even in the reign of the fourth James there is no doubt that though the personal attendance on the sovereign here enjoined was not insisted upon, it was as a matter of fact usually the case that the Lord High Chancellor was nearest to the King's person of all officers of state, not excluding even the Lord Chamberlain. Thus in appointing the young Alexander to that office the King sought not merely to give him high position in the state, but also secured that his son should by his office be closely attached to his court and person. It was a position of such trust that he dared commit it to but few of his turbulent barons; and it was thus peculiarly gratifying to James to be able to place it in the hands of one whose abilities and education fitted him, even at this early age, to discharge its duties with credit and dignity, while his near relationship and the tender affection between them insured to the King the presence of one devoted friend in the inner circle of the court. That this devotion was not imaginary the last act in the drama of Alexander's life will show.

Educated at the most famous schools of learning in Europe and in the society of the wisest men of his century, the son of Mary Boyd returned to his native country in 1510 to enter upon his duties as Metropolitan and Lord Chancellor of Scotland. His

home at St. Andrews was not the building now known in its ruins as the Castle—that was built by Archbishop Hamilton; but it was on the same weather-worn rock looking out on the same stormy ocean that from the earliest times the residence, or rather the stronghold of the Scottish Primate was to be found.

From the marble cloisters of Siena and the orange and ilex groves of Padua to the wave-washed cliffs of St. Andrews and the wild storms of our eastern coast is change enough; but when we consider what life in Italy was at that time and what the life in Scotland, we must feel that all the patriotism of a Stuart would be needed to reconcile the young student to his new position. Italy was still instinct with the new life of the Renaissance, and, though the great Lorenzo de' Medici had passed away, the glorious revival of the *cinque cento* had not yet culminated. But a short while ago Savonarola had held all Florence spell-bound by his eloquence and inspired it with his patriotism, while at the very time that Stuart was in Siena, Raphael, a few miles off in Florence, was painting his "Belle Jardinière" and his "Entombment of Christ". For letters as well as for art it was a glorious time, and the thirst after the new learning drove crowds of eager students to the Universities of Italy. In Scotland all was different. The gallant King (whose model in the field, though not as regards the purity of his life, was the Chevalier Bayard) spent his time in putting down rebellions in the Hebrides, in attempting to remedy the terribly rude administration of justice which prevailed during his minority and in his unfortunate father's days, and in holding tournaments, gorgeous indeed but with a gorgeousness that must have seemed barbaric to one who had seen the luxury of Florence and the chivalry of France. The Scottish Universities were little more than monkish schools, where a few boys were taught Latin grammar, and the

correct method of singing Gregorian chants; and while Aldus at Venice was issuing from his press those marvels of the printer's art now valued far above rubies, it was only in 1508 that a printing-press was established in Scotland at all.

Founded in 1411 by Bishop Henry Wardlaw, and nursed during the whole of his reign by its earliest benefactor, good King James the First, the University of St. Andrews was still far behind the great schools of the Continent. According to the original foundation the lecturers, twenty-one in all, received no remuneration for their lectures in the shape either of endowment or of fees, but were simply beneficed clergy who devoted some, often the whole, of the time due to their parishes to the education of young divines in the philosophy and theology of the Middle Ages. In 1548 the celebrated Bishop James Kennedy increased the prosperity of the University by the foundation of the College of St. Salvator. Bishop Kennedy was one of the greatest statesmen of his time, a man of wide culture, considering the days in which he lived, and of enlightened patriotism; and the benefits he conferred on St. Andrews were worthy of himself. He provided endowment out of the revenues of the archiepiscopal see sufficient for the maintenance of thirteen persons—a Provost, Licentiate, and Bachelor, four Masters of Arts, and six *pauperes clerici*, or scholars.

This then was the state of affairs in St. Andrews when Stuart returned to Scotland. There was the old "pedagogie" of Bishop Wardlaw, where an uncertain number of beneficed clergy and monks trained some few boys in the mysteries of scholastic philosophy, or in the theology considered necessary for the education of a country priest; and there was also the College of St. Salvator, where, in addition to the theological and philosophical courses, instruction was also given to the six students on the foundation, and pro-

bably to some few others, in what they were pleased to term physics. Yet there were even then signs of an awakening to a better state of things. In Aberdeen Hector Boece had done much to make the new University successful, and in St. Andrews itself Stuart found the Prior, James Hepburn, a man of wide views and patriotic sentiments who was only waiting for the opportunity to push on the work of the higher education in his native country. In 1494 a statute had been passed whereby it was "made imperative on all barons and freeholders under a fine of twenty pounds to send their sons at the age of nine years to the schools, where they were to be competently founded in Latin, and to remain afterwards three years at the schools of 'Art and Jury' so as to insure their possessing a knowledge of the laws." But this did not do so much for the Universities as might at first be supposed. Doubtless many young men who were not going to be priests continued their philosophical or even legal studies after they left the schools, but the number even of those who found their way to the Scottish Universities was small, and it is not till after the foundation of Stuart's College of St. Leonard's that we find it recorded that the sons of the nobility and gentry resorted to St. Andrews in large numbers.

In setting about the foundation of the new college the enthusiastic young archbishop and the wary old Prior Hepburn doubtless took as their model the existing College of St. Salvator; but Stuart's experience of the universities of other countries suggested alterations in the original plan which greatly helped their undertaking. There had been for many years in St. Andrews a hospital of St. Leonard, originally erected and endowed in order to accommodate the pilgrims who flocked yearly in large numbers on November 30th to worship the relics of the Scottish patron-saint and to benefit by the miracles they wrought.

But in course of time either the bones of the Apostle must have got worn out, or else the faith of the people must have grown weak, for the numbers of the pilgrims decreased immensely and the hospital stood empty all the year round. This of course could not be suffered for long, and, as no inducement could prevail on the pilgrims to return, the building was turned into a home for aged and infirm women, and with, or more probably without, the aid of an endowed institution's commission the revenues were devoted to their support. These old ladies seem to have been sadly ungrateful, or else they have been scandalously misrepresented, for we find Archbishop Stuart writing to the King to inform him "that they exhibited but little fruit either of godliness or virtue," and that therefore it was expedient that the endowment should again be diverted to some other use. The King gladly consented to this proposal, and accordingly the old women were turned out and the hospital became the College of St. Leonard. Prior Hepburn and his canons contributed additional endowments of considerable value, and the Archbishop granted it the tithes of a parish. The statutes provide for the maintenance of one Principal and four Chaplains, "two of whom, being regents, shall say daily masses for the souls of both the old and new founders; with twenty poor scholars, who shall all be well instructed in the Gregorian cantus and discantus, and six of whom shall be students of theology."

There was no want of order in the arrangements, for an elaborate set of statutes were drawn up, from which we learn that, "No student was to be received into the College under fifteen or above twenty-one years of age; that everybody in the College except the cook and his boy had to speak Latin; that the students were not to wear tight hose, but were to cover their limbs decently with a gown." There was no pampering or luxury about St. Leonard's either, for "Every Sunday

the whole place shall be swept and cleaned by four of the students in turn. Two of the students shall serve at table in turn, one issuing the drink, the other in the kitchen, who shall both eat their meals with the cook." Of course these regulations applied to the foundationers; but even for those students who lived in lodgings in the town and only came inside the College for lectures, the regulations as to wearing gowns and speaking Latin were strictly carried out.

This work happily achieved, the energetic young churchman at once turned his attention to another department of the University. The original teaching-body, the Pedagogium of Bishop Wardlaw, not having been provided with any endowment gradually became decrepit and at this time was said to be "lying almost extinct." Stuart at once set about the work of restoration. He first re-built the old chapel of St. John, where the scholars worshipped, and then he made provision for the endowment by annexing to it the living of St. Michael de Tarvet, near Cupar. Thus this youth of twenty may be said to be the founder of one college and the second founder of another, while his plans for the future development and enrichment of St. Andrews show that even at that age he had a thorough appreciation of the educational wants of his country, and a patriotic desire to aid in providing for them. But that work was not to be done by him, nor has it been properly done by any that have come after him.

The Cathedral of St. Andrews, consecrated in 1318 in the presence of the victorious Bruce himself and of a vast concourse of the nobility and clergy of Scotland, was now to be the scene of another imposing though not equally well-omened ceremony.

War has been declared against Henry the Eighth, and the Scottish army is assembling. In that army the Lord Chancellor, priest though he be, must take his place at the head of his vassals; but before he sets out he holds

a solemn service in that beautiful minster whose ruins are at once the glory and the shame of Scotland, and the standards are blessed. It was Alexander Stuart's last mass in his own church. In a few weeks Flodden was fought, and amongst the slain lying not far from the body of his own father was found that of the boy Archbishop, one of the fairest of the flowers of the forest that withered on that fatal day.

His work was but begun. His high aims and noble ambitions perished

with him, and the loss was for St. Andrews and for Scotland. In the words of his old tutor, "His was a high-souled nature far above every vulgar passion, yet without pride."

In the Anatomical Museum of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard there may be seen a skull with a deep sword-cut over the left eye-brow. It is labelled "Archbishop Stuart, 1506-1513." *That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once!*

R. F. BELL.

A SONG OF THE THAMES.

FORTH of the wolds where the west-winds are blowing,

Stealing unnoticed by coppice and lea,
Winds the young Thames, of his errand unknowing,

Wanders and wonders in infantine glee.

Ho! for the River, brave little River,

Ho! for the River that starts for the Sea.

Then, where the swimmers' limbs plunge in the noontide,

Then, where the racing oars flash as they flee;

Friend of our youth! in the joy of the Junetide

Oxford and Eton are lovers of thee.

Ho! for the River, friendly old River,

Loving to linger, but bound for the Sea.

Many his islets, but one on our loyalty

Calls like a trumpet while Britain shall be:

Many his islets, but Runnymede's royalty

Stands ever crowned for the faith of the free.

Ho! for the River, famous old River;

Runnymede's River, roll proud to the Sea!

Then, for his close—What were Tiber beside him,

Danube or Neva, the Seine or the Spree?

Heaving the fleets of the world that o'erride him,

Broad and august as a nation's decree.

Ho! for the River, regal old River;

River of England, sweep on to the Sea!

ERNEST MYERS.

GASTON DE LATOUR.

CHAPTER II.

"I had almost said even as they."

LIKE a ship for ever assail in the distance, thought the child, everywhere the great church of Chartres was visible, with the passing light or shadow upon its gray, weather-beaten surfaces. The people of La Beauce were proud, and would talk often of its rich store of sacred furniture, the wonder-working relics of "Our Lady under the Earth," and her sacred veil or shift, which kings and princes came to visit, returning with a likeness thereof replete in miraculous virtue for their own wearing. The busy fancy of Gaston, multiplying this chance hearsay, had set the whole interior in array—a dim, spacious, fragrant place, afloat with golden lights. Lit up over the autumn fields at evening, the distant spires suggested the splendour within, with so strong an imaginative effect that he seemed scarcely to know whether it was through the mental or physical eye that he beheld. When he came thither at last, like many another well-born youth, to join the episcopal household as a kind of half-clerical page, he found (as happens in the testing of our ideals) at once more and less than he had supposed; and his earlier vision was a thing he could never precisely recover, or disentangle from the supervening reality. What he saw, certainly, was greater far in mere physical proportion, and incommensurable at first by anything he knew—the volume of the wrought detail, the mass of the component members, the bigness of the actual stones of the masonry, contrary to the usual Gothic manner, and as if in reminiscence of those old Druidic piles amid which the Virgin of Chartres

had been adored, long before the birth of Christ, by a mystic race, possessed of some prophetic sense of the grace in store for her. And through repeated dangers good-fortune has saved that unrivalled treasure of stained glass. Then, as now, the word "awful," so often applied to Gothic aisles, was for once really applicable. You enter, looking perhaps for a few minutes' cool shelter from the summer noon-day; and the placid sunshine of La Beauce seems to have been transformed in a moment into imperious, angry fire.

It was not in summer, however, that Gaston first set foot there: he saw the beautiful city for the first time as if sheathed austerely in repellent armour. In his most genial subsequent impressions of the place there was always a lingering trace of that famous frost through which he made his way, wary of petrifying contact against things without, to the great western portal, on Candlemas morning. The sad, patient images by the doorways of the crowded church seemed suffering now chiefly from the cold. It was almost like a funeral—the penitential violet, the wandering taper-light, of this half-lenten feast of Purification. His new companions, at the head and in the rear of the long procession, forced every one, even the Lord Bishop himself, to move apace, bustling along, cross-bearer and acolyte, in their odd little copes, out of the bitter air, which made the jolly life Gaston now entered on, around the great fire of their hall in the episcopal palace, seem all the more winsome.

Notre Dame de Chartres! It was a world to explore, as if one explored the entire Middle Age: it was also one unending, elaborate, religious function—a life, or a continuous drama, to take

one's part in. Dependent on its structural completeness, on its wealth of well-preserved ornament, on its unity in variety, perhaps on some undefinable operation of genius, beyond, but concurrently with, all these, the church of Chartres has the gift of a unique power of impressing. In comparison, the other famous churches of France, at Amiens for instance, at Rheims or Beauvais, may seem but formal, and to a large extent reproducible effects of mere architectural rule on a gigantic scale. The somewhat Gothic soul of Gaston relished there something strange, or even *bizarre*, in the very manner in which it set itself, so broadly couchant, upon the earth; in the natural richness of tone on the masonry within; in its vast echoing roof of timber, the "forest", as it was called; in the mysterious maze traced upon its pavement; its maze-like crypt, centering in the shrine of the sibylline Notre Dame, itself a natural or very primitive grotto or cave. A few years were still to pass ere sacrilegious hands despoiled it on a religious pretext: the catholic church must pay, even with the molten gold of her sanctuaries, the price of her defence in the civil war. At present, it was such a treasure-house of mediæval jewellery as we have to make a very systematic effort even to imagine. The still extant register of its furniture and sacred apparel leaves the soul of the ecclesiologist athirst. And it had another very remarkable difference from almost all Gothic churches: there were no graves there. Its emptiness in this respect is due to no revolutionary or huguenot desecration. Once indeed about this very time, a popular military leader had been interred with honour within the precinct of the high altar itself. But not long afterwards, said the reverend canons, resenting on the part of their immaculate patroness this intrusion, the corpse itself, ill at ease, had protested, lifting up its hands above the surface of the pavement, as if to beg interment elsewhere; and Gaston could remember

assisting, awakened suddenly one night, at the removal of the remains to a more ordinary place of sepulture. And yet that lavish display of jewellers' work on the altars, in the chapels, the sacristies, of Our Lady's church, was but a framing for little else than dead people's bones. To Gaston, a piteous soul with a touch also of that grim humour which, as we know, holds of pity, relic-worship came naturally. At Deux-manoirs there had been relics, including certain broken children's toys and some rude childish drawings, taken forth now and then with almost religious veneration, with trembling hands and renewal of old grief, to his wondering awe at the greatness of men's sorrows. Yes! the pavement under one's feet had once been, might become again for him, molten lava. The look, the manner of the person who exposed these things, had been a revelation. The abundant relics of the church of Chartres were for the most part perished remnants of the poor human body itself, but, appertaining to persons long ago and of a far-off, immeasurable kind of sanctity, stimulated a more indifferent sort of curiosity, and seemed to bring the distant, the impossible, as with tangible evidence of fact, close to one's side. It was in one's hand—the finger of an Evangelist! The crowned head of Saint Lubin, bishop of Chartres, long centuries since, but still able to preserve its wheat-stacks from fire; bones of the "Maries", with some of the earth from their grave: these, and the like of these was what the curious eye discerned in the recesses of those variously contrived reliquaries, great and small, glittering so profusely about the dusky church, itself ministering, by its very shadows, to a certain appetite in the soul of Gaston for dimness—for a dim place like this—such as he had often prefigured to himself, albeit with some suspicion of what might seem a preference for darkness. We love, most of us, physical twilight. To him, that perpetual twilight came

in close identity with its moral or intellectual counterpart, as the welcome requisite for that part of the soul which loves twilight, and is, in truth, never quite at rest out of it, through some congenital uneasiness or distress, perhaps, in its processes of vision.

As complex, and not less perfectly united under a single leading motive,—its sister volume,—was the ritual order of Notre Dame de Chartres, a year-long dramatic action, in which every one had, and knew; his part—the drama or “mystery” of Redemption—to the necessities of which the great church had shaped itself. All those various “offices” which, in Pontifical, Missal and Breviary, devout imagination had elaborated, from age to age, with such a range of spiritual colour and light and shade, with so much poetic tact in quotation, such a depth of insight into the Christian soul, had joined themselves harmoniously together, one office ending only where another began, in the perpetual worship of this mother of churches, which had also its own picturesque peculiarities of “use,” proud of its maternal privilege therein. And the music rose—warmed, expanded, or fell silent altogether—as the order of the year, the colours, the whole expression of things changed, gathering around the full mystic effulgence of the pontiff in his own person, as the sacred theme deepened at the great ecclesiastical seasons, when the aisles overflowed with a vast multitude, and like a court, combed, starched, rustling around him, Gaston and his fellows “served” Monseigneur—they, zealous, ubiquitous, more prominent than ever, though for the most part profoundly irreverent, and notwithstanding that, one and all, with what disdain of the untensured laity!

Well! what was of the past there—the actual stones of the temple, that sacred liturgical order—entered readily enough into Gaston’s mental kingdom, filling places prepared by the anticipations of his tranquil, dream-struck youth. It was the present, the un-

calculated present, which now disturbed the complacent habit of his thoughts, proposing itself importunately, in the living forms of his immediate companions, in the great clerical body of which he was become a part, in the people of Chartres itself (none the less animated because provincial) as a thing, alien at a thousand points from his preconceptions of life, to be judged by him, to be rejected or located within. How vivid, how delightful they were!—the other forty-nine of the fifty lads who had come hither, after the old-fashioned way, to serve in the household of Monseigneur by way of an “institution” in learning and good manners, as to which a grave national assembly, more than three centuries before the States-General of 1789, had judged French youth of quality somewhat behindhand, recommending king and nobles to take better care for the future of their education, “to the end that, enlightened and *moralized*, they might know their duties, and be less likely to abuse their privileges.”

And how becomingly that cleric pride, that self-respecting quiet, sat upon their high-bred figures, their angelic, unspoiled faces, saddened transiently as they came under the spell for a moment. As for Gaston, they welcomed him with perfect friendliness, kept their best side foremost for an hour, and would not leave his very dreams. In absolute unconsciousness, they had brought from their remote old homes all varieties of hereditary gifts, vices, distinctions, dark fates, mercy, cruelty, madness. Appetite and vanity abounded, but with an abundant superficial grace, befitting a generation which, as by some æsthetic sense in the air, made the most of the pleasant outsides of life. All the various traits of the dying Middle Age were still in evidence among them, in all their crude effectiveness, only blent, like rusty old armour wreathed in flowers, with the peculiar fopperies of the time, shrewdly divined from a distance, as happens with com-

petent youth. To be in Paris itself, amid the full delightful fragrance of those dainty visible things which huguenots despised:—that, surely, were the sum of good-fortune! Half-clerical, they loved nevertheless the touch of steel; had a laughing joy in trifling with its latent soul of destruction. In mimicry of the great world they had their leaders, so inscrutably self-imposed:—instinctively, they felt and underwent that mystery of leadership, with its consequent heats of spirit, its tides and changes of influence. On the other hand also, to Gaston, dreamily observant, it was quaint, likeable, the way they had of reproducing, unsuspectingly, the humours of animal nature. Does not the anthropologist tell us of a heraldry, with a large assortment of heraldic beasts, to be found among savage or half-savage peoples, as the “survival” of a period when men were nearer than they are, or seem, now, to the irrational world? Throughout the sprightly movement of the lads’ daily life it was as if their “tribal” pets or monsters were with and within them. Tall Exmes, lithe and cruel like a tiger—it was pleasant to stroke him. The tiger was there, the parrot, the hare, the goat of course, and certainly much apishness. And, one and all, they were like the creatures in their vagrant, short memories, alert perpetually on the topmost crest of the day and hour, transferred so heartlessly, so entirely, from yesterday to to-day. Yet out of them, sure of some response, human heart did break:—in and around Camille Pontdormi, for instance, brilliant and ambitious, yet so sensitive about his thread-bare home, concerning which however he had made the whole company, one by one, his confidants—so loyal to the people there, bursting into wild tears over the letter which brought the news of his younger brother’s death, visibly fretting over it long afterwards. Still, for the most part, in their perfect health, nothing seemed to reach them but their own boyish ordinances, their own arbitrary “form”. It was an absolute indiffer-

ence, most striking when they lifted their well-trained voices to sing in choir, vacant as the sparrows, while the eloquent, far-reaching, aspiring words floated melodiously from them, sometimes, with truly mediæval license, singing to the sacred music those songs from the streets (no one cared to detect) which were really in their hearts. A world of vanity and appetite, yet after all of honesty with itself! Like grown people, they were but playing a game, and meant to observe its rules.—say, rather, a world of honesty, and of courage! They, at least, were not preoccupied all day long, and, if they woke in the night, with the fear of death.

It was part of their precocious worldliness to recognise, to feel a little afraid of their new companion’s intellectual power. Those obviously meditative souls, which seem “not to sleep o’ nights”, seldom fail to put others on their guard. Who can tell what they may be judging, planning, in silence, so near to one? Looking back long afterwards across the dark period that had intervened, Gaston could trace their ways through the world. Not many of them had survived to his own middle life. Reappearing from point to point, they connected themselves with the great crimes, the great tragedies of the time, as so many bright-coloured threads in that sombre tapestry of human passion. To recall in the obtuse, grieved, marred faces of uninteresting men or women, the disappointments, the sorrows, the tragic mistakes of the children they were long ago; that is a good trick for taking our own sympathy by surprise, which Gaston practised when he saw the last, or almost the last, of some of them, and felt a great pity, a great indulgence. Here and now, at all events, carrying their cheerful tumult through all those quiet ecclesiastical places—the bishop’s garden, the great sacristy, neat and clean in its brown, pensive lights, they seemed of a piece with the bright, simple, inanimate things, the toys, of nature. They made one lively picture with the fruit

and wine they loved, the birds they captured, the buckets of clear water drawn for pasture from the great well, and Jean Sémur's painted conjuring book stolen from the old sorceress, his grandmother, out of which he told their fortunes; with the musical instruments of others; with their carefully hidden dice and playing-cards, worn or soiled by the fingers of the older gamblers who had discarded them. Like their elders they read eagerly, in racy new translations, old Greek and Latin books, with a delightful shudder at the wanton paganism. It was a new element of confusion in the presentment of that miniature world. The classical enthusiasm laid hold on Gaston too, but essayed in vain to thrust out of him the mediæval character of his experience, or put on quite a new face, insinuating itself rather under cover of the Middle Age, still in occupation all around him. Venus, Mars, Æneas, haunted, in contemporary shape, like ghosts of folk one had known, the places with which they were familiar. Latin might still seem the fittest language for oratory, sixteen hundred years after Cicero was dead; those old pontiffs, draped grandly, sat in the stalls of the choir; Propertius made love to Cynthia in the raiment of the foppish Amadée; they played Terence, and it was but a play within a play. Above all, in natural, heartfelt kinship with their own violent though refined and cunning time, they loved every incident of soldiering; while the changes of the year, the lights, the shadows, the flickering fires of winter, with which Gaston had first associated them, so full of artificial enjoyment for the well-to-do, added themselves pleasantly by way of shifting background to the spectacular effect.

It was the brilliant surface with which the untried world confronted him. Touch it where you might, you felt the resistant force of the solid matter of human experience—of human experience in its strange mixture of beauty and evil, its sorrow, its ill-assorted fates, its pathetic acqui-

escence; above all in its overpowering certainty, over against his own world of echoes and shadows, which perhaps only seemed to be so much as echoes or shadows. A nature with the capacity of worship, he was straightway challenged, as by a rival new religion claiming to supersede the religion he knew, to identify himself conclusively with its suppositions, its issues, its risks. Here was a world, certainly, which did not halt at meditation, but prompted one to make actual trial of it, with a liberty of heart which might likely enough traverse this or that precept (if it were not rather an old scruple) of his earlier conscience. These its children, at all events, were, as he felt, in instinctive sympathy with its motions; had shrewd divinations of the things men really valued, and waited on them with unquestioning docility. Two worlds, two antagonistic ideals, were in evidence before him. Could a third condition supervene, to mend their discord, or only vex him perhaps from time to time with efforts towards an impossible adjustment?

At a later date, Monseigneur Charles Guillard, then Bishop of Chartres, became something like a huguenot, and ceased, with the concurrence of ecclesiastical authority, from his high functions. Even now he was but a *protégé* of King Charles in his relations to a more than suspicious Pope; and a rumour of the fact, reaching somehow these brisk young ears, had already set Gaston's mind in action, tremblingly, as to those small degrees, realisable perhaps one by one, though so immeasurable in their joint result, by which one might part from the "living vine"; and at times he started back, as if he saw his own benighted footsteps pacing lightly towards an awful precipice. At present indeed the assumption that there was sanctity in everything the kindly prelate touched was part of the well-maintained etiquette of the little ecclesiastical court. But, as you meet in the street faces that are like a sacrament, so there are faces, looks, tones of voice, among dig-

nified priests as among other people, to hear or look upon which is to feel the hypothesis of an unseen world impossible. Smiling amiably out of the midst of his pontifical array on Gaston's scrupulous devotion, it was as if the old Roman augur smiled not to his fellow augur but to the entire assistant world. In after years Gaston seemed to understand, and, as a consequence of understanding, to judge his old patron equitably: the religious sense too had its various species. The nephew of his predecessor in the the see, with a real sense of the divine world, but as something immeasurably distant, he had been brought by a maladroitness worldly good fortune a little too close to its immediate and visible embodiments. A far, you might trace the divine agency on its way. But to touch, to handle it, with these fleshly hands—well! with Monseigneur it was not to believe because the thing was "incredible or absurd." He had smiled, not certainly from irreverence, nor (a prelate for half his life) in conscious incredulity, but only in mute surprise at an administration of divine graces—this administration in which he was a high priest—in itself, to his quite honest thinking, so unfitting, so improbable. And was it that Gaston too was a less independent ruler of his own mental world than he had fancied, deriving his impressions of things not directly from them, but mediately from other people's impressions of them, and that he needed the pledge of their assents to ratify his own? Only, could that, after all, be a real sun at which other faces were not irradiated? And sometimes it seemed, with a riotous swelling of the heart, as if his own wondrous appetite for these matters had been deadened by surfeit, and there would be a pleasant sense of liberty, of escape out-of-doors, could he be as little touched as almost all other people by Our Lady's church, and old associations, and all those relics, and those dark, close, fragrant aisles.

At such times, to recall that winged visitant, gentle, yet withal sensitive

to offence, which had settled on his youth with so deep a sense of assurance, he would climb the tower of Jean de Beauce, then fresh in all its array of airy staircase and pierced traceries, and great uncovered timbers like some gigantic birdnest amid the stones, whence the large, quiet, country spaces became his own again, and the curious eye at least went home. He was become well aware of the power of those familiar influences in restoring equanimity, as he might have used a medicine or a wine. At each ascending storey, as the flight of the birds, the scent of the fields, swept past him, till he stood at last amid the unperturbed light and air of the watch-chamber above the great bells, some coil of perplexity, of unassimilable thought, fell away from him. He saw the distant paths, and seemed to hear the breeze piping suddenly about him under the cloudless sky, on its unseen, capricious way through those vast reaches of atmosphere. At this height, the low ring of blue hills was visible, with suggestions of that southwest country of peach-blossom and vine which had sometimes decoyed his thoughts towards the sea, and beyond it to "that new world of the Indies," which was held to explain a certain softness in the air from that quarter, even in the most vehement weather. Amid those vagrant shadows and shafts of light must be Deux-manoirs, the deserted rooms, the gardens, the graves. In mid-distance, even then a funeral procession was on its way humbly to one of the village churchyards. He seemed almost to hear the words across the stillness. They identified themselves, as with his own earliest prepossessions, so also with what was apt to present itself as being the common human prepossession—a certain finally authoritative common sense upon the quiet experience of things—the oldest, the most authentic, of all voices, audible always if one stepped aside for a moment and got one's ears into what might after all be their normal condition. It might be heard, it would

seem, in proportion as men were in touch with the earth itself, in country life, in manual work upon it, above all by the open grave, as if, reminiscent of some older, deeper, more permanent ground of fact, it whispered oracularly a certain secret to those who came into such close contact with it. Persistent after-thought! Would it always survive, amid the indifference of others, amid the verdicts of the world, amid a thousand doubts? It seemed to have found, and filled to overflowing, the soul of one amiable little child who had a kind of genius for tranquillity, and on his first coming hither had led Gaston to what he held to be the choicest places, as being impregnable by noise. In his small stock of knowledge, he knew, like all around him, that he was going to die, and took kindly to the thought of a small grave in the little green close, as to a natural sleeping-place, in which he would be at home beforehand. Descending from the tower, Gaston knew he should find the child seated alone, enjoying the perfect quiet of the warm afternoon, for all the world was absent—gone forth to receive or gaze at a company of distinguished pilgrims.

Coming, sometimes with immense prelude and preparation, as when King Charles himself arrived to replace an image disfigured by profane hugenots, sometimes with the secrecy and suddenness of an apparition vanished before the public was aware, the pilgrims to "Our Lady under the Earth" were the standing resource of those (such there were at Chartres as everywhere else) who must needs depend for the interest of their existence on the doings of their neighbours. A motley host, only needing their Chaucer to figure as a looking-glass of life, type against type, they brought with them, on the one hand, the very presence and perfume of Paris, the centre of courtly propriety and fashion; on the other hand, with faces which seemed to belong to another age, curiosities of existence from remote provinces of France or Europe, from

distant, half-fabulous lands remoter still. Jules Damville, who would have liked best to be a sailor, to command, not in any spiritual ark, but in the French fleet—should half-ruined France ever come to have one—led his companions one evening to inspect a strange maritime personage, stout and square, returned, contrary to all expectation, after ten years' captivity among the savages of Florida, kneeling among the lights at the shrine, with the frankness of a good child, his hair like a mat, his hands tattooed, his mahogany face seamed with a thousand weather-wrinklings, his outlandish offerings lying displayed around him. Looking, listening, as they served them in the episcopal guest-chamber, those young clerks made wonderful leaps, from time to time, in manly knowledge.

With what eager shrewdness they noted, discussed, reproduced, the manners and attire of their pilgrim guests, sporting what was to their liking therein in the streets of Chartres. The more cynical or supercilious pilgrim would sometimes present himself—a personage oftener of high ecclesiastical station, like the eminent translator of Plutarch, Amyot, afterwards Bishop of Auxerre, who seemed to care little for shrine or relic, but lingered long over certain dim manuscripts in the canonical library, where our scholarly Gaston was of service, helping him directly to what he desired to see. And one morning early, visible at a distance to all the world, risen betimes to gaze, the Queen-mother and her three sons were kneeling there—yearning, greedy, as ever, for a hundred diverse, perhaps incompatible, things. It was at the beginning of that winter of the great siege of Chartres, the morning on which the child Guy Debreschescourt died in his sleep. His tiny body—the placid, massive, baby head still one broad smile, the rest of him wrapped round together like a chrysalis—was put to rest finally the same day, in a fold of the winding-sheet of a very aged person, deceased about that time.

For a hard winter, like that famous

winter of 1567, the hardest that had been known for fifty years, makes an end of the weak—the aged, the very young. To the robust how pleasant had the preparation for it seemed—the scent of the first wood-fire upon the keen October air; the earth turning from gray to black under the plough; the great stacks of fuel, come down lazily from the woods of Le Perche, along the winding Eure; its wholesome perfume; the long soothing nights and early twilight. The mind of Gaston, for one, was touched by the sense of some remote and delicate beauty, like magicians' work, like an effect of magic as being extorted from unsuspected sources. What winter really brought however was the danger and vexation of a great siege. The householders of catholic Chartres had watched the forces of their huguenot enemies gathering from this side and that; and at last the dreaded circle was complete. They were prisoners like the rest, Gaston and the grandparents, shut up in their little hotel; and Gaston, face to face with it, understood at last what war really means. After all, it took them by surprise. It was early in the day. A crowd of worshippers filled the church of Sainte-Foy, built partly upon the ramparts; and at the conclusion of the mass the Sacrament was to be carried to a sick person. Touched by unusual devotion at this perilous time, the whole assembly rose to escort the procession on its way, passing out slowly, group after group, as if by mechanical instinct, the more reluctant led on by the general consent, Gaston, the last lingerer, halting to let others proceed quietly before him, turning himself about to gaze upon the deserted place and church, and half tempted to remain, ere he too stepped forth lightly and leisurely, when under a shower of massy stones from the *coullevrines* or great cannon of the besiegers, the entire roof of the place sank into the empty space behind

him. But it was otherwise in a neighbouring church, in a similar way crushed with all its good people, not long afterwards.

And in the midst of the siege, with all its tumult about her, the old grandmother died, to the undissembled sorrow of Gaston, bereft, unexpectedly as it seemed, of the gentle creature to whom he had always turned for an affection that had been as no other in its absolute incapacity of offence. A tear upon the cheek, like the bark of a tree, testified to some unfulfilled hope, something wished for but not to be, which left resignation, by nature or grace, still imperfect, and made death at four-score years and ten seem after all like a premature summons in the midst of one's days. For a few hours the peace which followed brought back to the face a protesting gleam of youth, far antecedent to anything Gaston could possibly have remembered, moving him to a pity, a peculiar sense of pleading helplessness, which to the end of his life was apt to revive at the presence (it might be in an animal) of what must perforce remember that it had been young but was old.

That broken link with life seemed to end some other things for him. As one puts away the toys of childhood, so now he seemed to discard what had been the central influence of his earlier youth, what more than anything else had stirred imagination and brought the consciousness of his own life warm and full. Gazing now upon the "holy and beautiful place," as he had gazed on the dead face, for a moment he seemed to anticipate the indifference of age. And when not long after the rude hands of catholics themselves, at their wits' end for the maintenance of the "religious war", spoiled it of the accumulated treasure of centuries, leaving Notre Dame de Chartres in the bareness with which we see it to-day, he had no keen sense of personal loss.

WALTER PATER.

(To be continued.)

LUCIAN.¹

LORD BYRON, we know, was under the impression that he hated Horace because that delightful classic had been forced so unmercifully down his throat by the instructors of his youth. The treatment of which he complains and the implied patience of his submission to it are not strikingly in accord with the earlier reputation either of the particular schoolboy or of the particular school; and one would like to have interrogated a few of the noble poet's contemporaries at Harrow on the point. But assuming the fact to have been as stated in the well-known stanza of "Childe Harold," one may venture perhaps to dispute the inference. The truth is that the belief which Byron there avows is too suspiciously common to be accepted with ready credence. The man who believes that only injudicious training at school has spoilt a fine scholar in his person doth greatly abound. A little less insistence on the stock Virgilian *cruces*, and he would never, he thinks, have contracted his self-defensive passion for that particular athletic exercise in which he has subsequently achieved fame. A little more forbearance in the matter of corrupt choruses, and he might have risen on a masterly edition of Æschylus to the Bench of Bishops, instead of becoming merely an ornament of the Stock-Exchange. Such pleasing illusions of middle age it would be cruel to disturb, and humane men for the most part treat them with respect. The truth however, in at least ninety-nine out of every hundred such cases,

is that the early blighted scholar was not really any more disgusted with his youthful experiences of the Greek and Latin tongues than was the school-fellow who has actually ripened into a Professor. It is an error to suppose that "the rudiments" of anything can be made agreeable to anybody, least of all to the young. What is true of the dead languages is equally true of the immortal game of cricket. Many excellent men of mature years no doubt entertain the firm conviction that they would probably have "played for the Gentlemen" if compulsory "fagging out" had not early inspired them with a distaste for the noble game. They fail to explain how it is that the cricketer who has risen through his public school and university elevens to the deathless honour of being one of eleven amateurs selected to do battle with the Australians did his "scouting" too as a boy, and hated it: hated it at the time perhaps as much as many a now accomplished scholar detested his Latin *Accidence* and his Greek irregular verbs.

No; there is not often much in the complaint that the steady and tiresome drill to which the raw recruit of scholarship has to submit disgusts him out of all capacity for appreciating those beautiful and stately evolutions of thought and language which that training alone enables him to follow. Those who do not care for these things in mature years never would have cared for them, however their boyhood had been spent; and those who do care for them know well how much of their pleasure they owe to the slow and laborious transit of their boyhood through the mill of the gerund-grinder. It will at any rate hardly be contended, I think,

¹ Lucian's Dialogues. Namely, the Dialogues of the Gods, of the Sea-Gods, and of the Dead," &c. Translated with notes and a Preliminary Memoir, by Howard Williams, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. London, 1888.

that the keenest sensibility to the charm of the classical masterpieces is to be found (except in one such instance out of a thousand as that of Keats) in the man who has made his first acquaintance with them as an adult; though according to the theory I have been examining, he certainly ought to enjoy them the most. Keats, as we know, has imperishably recorded his emotions on first hearing "Chapman speak out loud and bold;" (and one may add with a freedom amounting to licence) in his translation of Homer. The poet felt like stout Cortez surveying the Pacific from a peak in Darien; but that was because he *was* a poet. And though I do not for a moment suggest that the average schoolboy feels at all like stout Cortez on first looking into the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey" in the original, I suspect that the like effect of Chapman's translation upon an average adult would be every bit as rare. The truth is that not only the vast Pacific of the Homeric poems, but even such a smaller matter as the sunny Archipelago of the Horatian Odes, by no means breaks upon most of us in the form of a sudden revelation. It is only by a gradual dispersion of the veiling mists of language, accompanied by as gradual an education of the imaginative eye, that most of us ever attain to any clear view of these great sights at all; and other things being equal, he whose faculty of literary vision has had the longest training is likely to see them best.

But though I do not admit that the strictly critical, or even the minutely grammatical study of the Latin and Greek classics which is or was exacted from schoolboys before they are or were of an age to appreciate the literary excellence of those works is really responsible for the consequences sometimes sought to be attached to it, I would not go so far as to deny that English scholastic traditions may somewhat too rigidly prescribe the selection of text-books. I would not take upon me to maintain

that they concede as much as they might to that natural desire of the student for what he can understand and in a great measure appreciate at the moment; and that they do as much as they might in the way of supplying him with that most potent of all incentives to the study of a language, a lively interest in the subject-matter of the work in which that language is being studied. Such a reflection solicits one with peculiar importunity at sight of the latest addition to Bohn's Classical Library, a translation of certain selected Dialogues of Lucian, by Mr. Howard Williams. Mr. Williams, having regard to what may be assumed to be the purpose he had in view, has acquitted himself fairly well. His English rendering is clear, faithful, and sufficiently readable, if at times a little wooden; his notes opportune and serviceable; his prefatory biographical memoir concise and to the point; and his criticisms as a rule well considered. But the very sufficiency of the book for all the lawful purposes of a "crib" makes us wonder all the more at its late appearance in the familiar purple covers. How comes it, we ask ourselves, that so many schoolboys have been breaking their teeth for generations past over "craggy" bits of Thucydides, or plodding along uninterested through the Ionicisms of the Father of History, while these delightful colloquies, abounding, even for those who are too young to relish their inimitable satire, with the fascination of dramatic life and movement, have been permitted to slumber on the pedagogic shelves? For a slumber to all intents and purposes it has been, since it was never worth while to have disturbed the neglected humourist for the mere sake of the snippets of dialogue which I recollect as helping to furnish forth the school "Analecta" of thirty years ago. Why should not our schoolmasters have put their sixth forms through the whole three sets of Dialogues—the Dialogues of the Gods, of the Sea Gods, and of the Dead, together with

"Zeus the Tragedian" and one or two, if not all, of the other pieces given in Mr. Williams's volume? Why, above all, should not the University of Oxford have long since opened the door of Moderations (let us hope it has done so by this time) to Lucian, as an author who may be "taken in" to the schools as a whole? What indeed has excluded him? Not his unorthodoxy surely, for that can hardly shock any one but a Polytheist. Not his Greek, for it is excellent, a genuine Platonic revival, in the literary instead of the philosophical sense—a revival effected by that best of revivalists, the writer who has saturated himself with the thought and style of the original. And its stimulating power for a student of the undergraduate age would of course be much greater than it is for the schoolboy who, though he is or should be able to understand and appreciate a straightforward joke, is hardly at home with irony of the graver kind. Why too should not schoolboys be introduced to the "True History", first of human essays in the humorous-imaginative, archetype of so many a later effort of satiric fancy, founder of the family of which the immortal Captain Lemuel is the most illustrious son? Or why not to the Icaro-Menippus, that ironical Sindbad whose aerial flight on the borrowed wings of an eagle and a vulture would surely be as full of narrative charm even for the youngest reader as his sardonic survey of our ants'-nest of an earth is full of philosophic pungency for the adult? Many of us have found it difficult to determine whether the delight of Gulliver is greater for the young than for the old—greater for those to whom Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians are merely creatures of a new and wonderful world in no allegorical relations with our own, or to those who are of an age to understand its inner meaning and to wonder at the triumphant art by which every fresh stroke of the fancy is made to drive home the barb of the satire. Lucian as a satirist

is not of course to be compared with Swift, but he possesses Swift's rare power of combining the fascinating story-teller with the grave humourist; and minor as is the degree in which he exhibits this combination, it is sufficient to give him an absolutely unique place among the writers of the ancient world.

Let me here remark that in the foregoing sentence "grave" is the emphatic word. There is nothing which so pointedly distinguishes Lucian from all his predecessors, Greek or Latin, in the field either of poetic or pedestrian satire—nothing which more brings him into such close kindred with the greatest satirists of modern times, than the invincible gravity of his manner. It is this which makes his elaborate and pertinacious ridicule of the Polytheistic legends in his *Dialogues of the Gods* and of the *Dead* so curiously effective. Unlike Voltaire, with whom he is often, though not always I think judiciously, compared, he never allows himself to interpolate any irrelevant witticism of his own in his exposure of the mythical absurdities of the decaying creed at which he mocked. Dramatic propriety is always strictly maintained. His Zeus, his Hera, his Aphrodite, his Hermes, are the Zeus, Hera, Aphrodite, Hermes of the "ages of faith." The admirable comedy of their presentment is produced and preserved by the simple but essentially artistic device of exhibiting these survivals of a childlike and unmoral period of human thought in all their gross and glaring repugnancy to the intelligence of a refined and cultivated and sceptical era. The amours of Jove, the jealousies of his consort, the miraculous births of Minerva and Bacchus, are recounted or commented upon in a demurely matter-of-fact fashion which is infinitely more effective for the purpose than the broadest burlesque. In so far as we may regard Lucian as writing with a deliberately rationalistic purpose, he could not have adopted a better method.

But it is a mistake, I think, of the over-serious in all ages to suppose that this deliberately rationalistic purpose was always present to Lucian's mind. He was a born scoffer—not merely at holy or reputedly holy things, but at all things profane as well as sacred. For instance, much superfluous ingenuity has been expended on the question as to which, if any, school of philosophy Lucian belonged, the worthy debaters of this question having been greatly exercised in their minds by his indiscriminate ridicule of every philosophy without exception in the "Auction of Lives". Of course the simple explanation of the puzzle is that he was a humourist first and a philosopher afterwards. Such preferences as he might have for any particular philosophical systems would not in the least have prevented him from sharpening his wit upon them, and might indeed have very likely induced him to give it a keener edge. He says of Alexander the Impostor, in his vivid sketch of that singular charlatan, that of all philosophers he hated Epicurus the most. "As well he might", adds Lucian with honest warmth. "For with whom else should a juggler, a sham miracle-monger, and a truth-hater more rightly wage war than with Epicurus, the philosopher who has penetrated into things, and alone among men discovered their hidden truth"? Yet the Epicurean in the "Auction of Lives" is knocked down for a couple of minæ—only a little more than eight pounds English! If it be asked how we know that this is a poor price for a philosopher, the answer is that Socrates is bought by Dio of Syracuse for four hundred and eighty-seven pounds ten shillings; that even Pythagoras, who is the most unmercifully ridiculed of all, goes for over forty pounds; and that if the Cyrenaic has to be "reserved", it is not so much because of the moral defects of his theory as because of the costliness of reducing it to practice. "You will have", says a half-intending bidder candidly, "to look about for a

wealthier purchaser. I am simply not in a position to buy the 'merry life' of this philosophy". "It looks, Zeus", observes Hermes "as if this lot would remain on our hands". "Let him stand on one side," replies the Father of gods and men promptly, "and put up another", whereupon Democritus and Heraclitus take their places on the stand to be sold "in one lot"; and as I find it impossible to get away from the "Auction of Lives", without an attempt at Englishing its excellent drolleries, I shall take leave to give a brief extract (freely paraphrased where the jest is untranslatable) from Lucian's report of the proceedings.

"*Hermes.* Come forward, if you please, you two. I have here two most excellent Lives to offer. We put them up as the wisest of them all.

"*Buyer.* Good heavens, what a contrast! One of them is continually laughing; while the other has apparently lost a friend, for he is as incessantly weeping. What does it all mean? You, sir, I am addressing. What are you laughing at?

"*Democritus.* What am I laughing at? What a question! Why, at the ridiculous human race and their ridiculous affairs.

"*E.* What? You are laughing us and our affairs to scorn?

"*D.* Most assuredly. There is nothing serious about them. Vanity are they all: a rush of atoms through the infinite void.

"*E.* Vanity yourself! You and the infinite void you have got in your head. Still laughing, eh? What impudence! But you, my good sir, to whom it seems better to address myself,—what are you weeping for?

"*Heraclitus.* My friend, I regard all the affairs of men as miserable and tear-worthy, and wretched in their subjection to death. That is why I pity and weep over them. I have but a small opinion of the present, and the future I regard as absolutely dreadful—a future of conflagration and cosmic catastrophe. I lament, too, that there is no fixity or stability anywhere, but that things are whirled round as if they were in a barley-stirabout—pain and pleasure, knowledge and ignorance, the great and the little, dancing up and down and changing places,—a sort of a puss-in-the-corner of Eternity.

"*E.* What is Eternity?

"*H.* Eternity? A schoolboy at play with his draught-board, or wrangling with his school-mates.

"*E.* What then are men?

"*H.* Men are mortal gods.

"*E.* And gods?

"H. Immortal men.

"B. You repeat riddles, sir, or you are yourself an inventor of conundrums. You are as obscure as Apollo himself.

"H. I care nothing for you.

"B. Indeed? Then no sensible man will buy you.

"H. Weep all of you, from your youth upwards. Buyers or not, I adjure you all to weep.

"B. This gentleman's complaint does not widely differ from melancholy. I shall not buy either of them.

"Herm. Again, an unsold lot!

"Zeus. Put up another."

And Socrates is then brought forward to be valued by Lucian (who certainly knew his Plato well, and must have admired him) with an amount of irreverence which would of itself suffice to show that there was no malice or even serious purpose in this particular jest.

And so, I am persuaded, it often is with Lucian. It is no doubt true enough that where the specific Polytheistic faith is a gross or demoralizing one, he may have been inspired to his ridicule of it by some contemptuous indignation at the thought that the vulgar believed it; but in much the larger majority of cases there is no trace of any such feeling. This distinction is plainly to be seen in his dealing with the nether world. No doubt he was as desirous as Lucretius to discredit the belief in Hades as a place of material torment; as for instance in the curious dialogue between Menippus and Tantalus, in which the Cynic, after pointing out with admirable good sense to the Phrygian king, that having no body he could not possibly thirst, he then proceeds to dispose of what were evidently contemporary efforts to spiritualize the meaning of the Pagan legend. But when the myth was mere harmless poetry,—such for example as that of Charon and his ferry-boat, of whom and which Lucian makes such continual fun,—it is unnecessary to suppose that the pleasantries were meant to be particularly hostile. It is indeed unlikely that a writer who had his Homer literally at his fingers' end, with a line

from the "Iliad" or "Odyssey" ready for every possible occasion, and who dearly appreciated the poetic beauty of those immortal ballads, should, as Mr. Williams's notes seem occasionally to suggest, have deliberately set to work to bring the poet into contempt. Much more reasonable is it to suppose that it was simply the strong instinct of burlesque which impelled Lucian to bring out for mere mirth's sake the anthropomorphic side of the religious legend, which he himself does not scruple to employ, allegorically of course, for the serious purposes of his often profound satire on the vanities of human life. He quite sees for instance, as the "Charon" dialogue shows, how much might be made in the serious vein out of the old ferryman of the Styx; but that does not prevent him from getting fun out of a matter-of-fact application of the legend which makes him receive a toll from the dead for ferrying them over, and represents him as "in account with" Mercury for goods supplied. The quaint commercial gravity of the short dialogue between the two on that subject could evidently have had no didactic afterthought of any kind.

"Herm. Let us go through our accounts, if you please, Mr. Ferryman, and see at once what you owe me, in order to prevent disputes hereafter.

"Char. Let us go through them by all means, Hermes; it will be better to ascertain them at once and save future trouble.

"H. Very well, then. To one anchor, procured by me to your order, five drachmæ.

"Ch. A stiff price!

"H. It's what I had to give, though, by Pluto; five drachmæ, no less. Then the oar-tong, two obols.

"Ch. Right. Put down five drachmæ and two obols.

"H. And a darning-needle for the sail. That I had to give five obols for.

"Ch. Down with the five obols.

"H. And wax for stopping leaks, and nails, and the rope you made a brace of—two drachmæ the lot.

"Ch. Good; you got those a bargain.

"H. Well, that is all, unless something has escaped my memory. And now, when are you going to pay up?

"Ch. At present, Hermes, I regret to say I am not in a position to do so. Times are too bad. If a good plague now, or a war were to send

me down a crowd of passengers, I might turn an honest penny on the whole number of them by cooking the accounts of the fares.

"H. Then I suppose I must sit down and hope for the worst,—that I may get my debt paid out of these calamities.

"Ch. I am afraid there is no help for it. You see yourself what business is like: how few arrivals there are. These are the piping times of peace.

"H. Well, 'tis better so, even if it does somewhat delay the payment of my debt. But think of the old times, Charon. You remember in what sort of plight the men of those days used to come down to us—sturdy fellows all, bathed in blood most of them, or riddled with wounds. But nowadays it is some one who has been dosed out of the world by a wife or a son, or who has swollen himself to death, by way of stomach and lips, with gluttony—pallid miserable wretches, not to compare with their forefathers. Most of them, to judge by their appearance, find their way here through plotting to get each other's money.

"Ch. Yes, 'tis an article in considerable request.

"H. To be sure; but how then could you blame me if I were sternly to demand payment of my debt?"

The iconoclastic satirist—the writer who sets himself to "sap a creed," whether "solemn" or not, even with a sneer which is not solemn but lively—is not as a rule a very attractive personality. Many worthy people, quite capable of admiring his extraordinary and many-sided genius, have never succeeded in taking Voltaire thoroughly to their hearts. Even the tolerant Charles Lamb admitted just so much want of sympathy with the brilliant Frenchman as is implied in the remark that he would not care to "read 'Candide' in a church". But I cannot understand any one reading the works of Lucian—dialogues, rhetorical exercises, burlesques, romance, or what not—intelligently and appreciatively, and feeling anything of that kind of half-repugnance which, even while he dazzles, the scoffer at the religious weaknesses of his fellows excites in so many minds. To my thinking he is saved from that by a thorough geniality of humour which in most of the scoffers, and in the very greatest of them all, is almost or altogether wanting. No one, I should think,

could read the charming little autobiographical sketch which he has left us in the "Dream" (would that many another by many another hand of ancient times had been written and survived!) without feeling attracted to the man who wrote it. The touch is so light, the style so frank and unaffected, that one cannot imagine the author to have been other than a good fellow.

Lucian adds another to that tolerably numerous list of great names in literature whose owners had been destined in the parental counsels for quite a different walk in life. His account of this matter is delightful. He was the son of parents in poor circumstances, and when he had reached his fifteenth year his father was advised by friends of the family, officious in all ages, to take him from school and apprentice him to his uncle, a statuary—probably not in a very flourishing way of business, but who at any rate, as did many more distinguished artists then and since, combined the profession of the sculptor with something like the handicraft of a working mason—the scheme was thought the more hopeful because the youth was supposed to have shown a turn for art. In his play hours, he says, "I had been accustomed to model oxen, horses, or even, Heaven save the mark! men, out of wax, and as my father thought, cleverly. I was caned for my performances by my master, but still they obtained me the praise of native genius, and my plastic dexterity raised good hopes that I should speedily master my art". To his maternal uncle's studio or workshop accordingly was the little Lucian sent, thinking with what pride he would bear himself before his school-fellows when he could model gods, or portraits of himself or of whomsoever he pleased among them. His uncle began by giving him a chisel, and bidding him use it gently on a marble slab before him, sententiously delivering himself at the same time of the gnome that the "beginning is half of the whole." The beginning in the

youthful apprentice's case was more than half of the whole: it was the whole itself. Bearing too hard upon the instrument, Lucian broke the slab which he had been set to polish, and the indignant statuary caught up a leathern thong which lay near him, and administered chastisement in "no very mildly persuasive manner, so that tears were my introduction to the art. I ran home choking with sobs, and overflowing with tears; and there I recited the pathetic story of the thong and showed my stripes, and complained of the great cruelty of my uncle", adding (this is a delicious touch), "that it was due to his envious fear of my excelling him in his art. My indignant mother heaped reproaches upon her brother, and I retired still in tears to my bed, there to pass a night of sleepless cogitation".

Thus far, continues Lucian, who evidently composed and delivered the "Dream" as a lecture, perhaps to an audience of his own fellow citizens of Samosata, after his return from his travels, "I have been recounting to you merely ridiculous and boyish incidents; but what follows, gentlemen [the ὁ ἀνὴρ stamps the character of the piece] is not to be as lightly accounted". And what does follow is the finely told story of a vision, in which Paideia and Technē (Learning and Handicraft) contend for him like Virtue and Vice for Hercules in the Fable of Prodicus. Handicraft was "dressed in artisan's garb, a masculine-looking, shock-headed, horny-handed creature, covered with marble dust, like my uncle at the stone-polishing work." Her rival was fair to look upon, graceful of figure and comely of dress. Handicraft, who is the first to address Lucian, warns him not to condemn her for her squalid appearance, "since from such beginnings came Phidias who revealed Zeus to the world, and Polykletus who wrought the Hera, and the much-praised Myron and Praxiteles the wonderful—men who are now

honoured next to the gods". Learning, however, reminds him that everybody cannot be a Phidias or a Praxiteles, and that even those who admire the art of those masters do not envy them the actual practice of their calling; and Learning wins the day. Lucian quitted the workshop for ever, and rose, as he tells his audience, to fame and fortune by letters. And he concludes his lecture with the moral, possibly of doubtful wisdom in those days as in these, that youth should always follow the supposed bent of its genius, and with the moral no more doubtful in those days than in these, that the mere dread of poverty ought not alone to be sufficient to deter him from following it.

From the date of this fortunate accident at his uncle's—how thankful we ought to be that the marble slab was not a little more tough, or the leathern thong a little less so!—until some thirty years later, that is to say from about 135 A.D. to about 165 A.D., Lucian led the wandering life of the sophistes, or paid rhetorician, of those days. In his twentieth year, or four years after quitting his native Syria, he seems to have visited Greece and to have made the acquaintance of the Platonic philosopher Nigrinus, who gives the title to one of the Dialogues. Other passages from his writings—for it is of course from these alone that our scanty knowledge of his life has been built up—show that he practised for some time at the bar in Antioch, but abandoned the profession of the law in disgust at the dishonesty of its practitioners; that he visited Rome in about his thirtieth year; that from Italy he passed into Southern Gaul, where he remained to exercise his calling of rhetorician or public lecturer, for some ten years; that thence he returned to his native place; and that finally, about the age of forty-five, he migrated with the surviving members of his family to Athens, where he passed nearly the whole of the remainder of his life. All that is further known of him is

the curious and interesting fact that at an advanced age his circumstances became reduced; that he was only saved from poverty by the timely interference of some imperial patron—which of the Roman emperors it was is not quite certain—and that the most famous writer of his age and country died a judicial sinecurist. He was appointed to the clerkship or registrarship of the law courts of Alexandria, the duties of which office he delegated to a deputy, so that he was enabled to spend the remainder of his life in comfort at Athens.

His defence of himself was characteristic. He had in one of his earlier satirical pieces somewhat bitterly criticized those of his order who accepted the position of salaried dependent in the houses of the rich; and after accepting the sinecure office from the Emperor he composed an Apology, addressed to his friend Sabinus, in which he pointed out how very different a case was his from that of those whom he had assailed with his satire.

"In my present capacity," he argues, "I remain an independent; while my public office is one of great honour and authority. Practically I administer a large share of the Imperial government in Egypt. I grant judicial decrees. I fix the order of judicial proceedings, and see to the keeping of their records. I arrange and regulate the pleadings of litigants, and I look after the registration and faithful prosecution of the edicts of the Sovereign. Further you must remember that my emoluments come to me not from a private individual but from the Emperor, and that they are very handsome; and that the post gives good hopes of leading to further advancement."

And he humorously goes on to argue that since the Emperor himself did not scruple to receive very splendid *douceurs* in the shape of dedicatory shrines and statues, and other material as well as moral forms of gratification, over and above the regular revenues, a humble citizen might certainly be excused for following his example at a properly respectful distance.

Lucian, as his latest translator

observes—and it is another point of justification for the well-worn comparison between him and Voltaire—displayed an extraordinary versatility of talent. "He is almost encyclopædic", says Mr. Williams, "in the extent and rarity of his productions. He was critic, moralist, philosopher, politician, poet, romancist, litterateur". It is strange that the biographer should have left out the title by which he is the best known to posterity—that of satirist; and indeed to the classification of "romancist" he might have added with but a slight deviation from technical accuracy that of dramatist also, for Lucian's dramatic gift is assuredly conspicuous in all his dialogues. His *personæ* are not, as Landor's in most cases almost avowedly and designedly were, mere mouth-pieces for the exposition of his own views. They are almost always distinct and individualized. Examples of this abound in the Dialogues of the Gods: an excellent instance of it appearing in the scene between Hermes, Paris, and the three Goddesses who compete for the prize of beauty. Nothing could be more delicate and skilful than the discrimination with which the varying characters of the three divine ladies are hit off. The spiteful jealousy of Hera is particularly well brought out in her apparently innocent suggestion on reaching Mount Ida, that Aphrodite should go first and show the way, having familiarized herself, "they *do* say," with the locality by her frequent visits to Anchises. Much of the same power of dramatic characterization is displayed in the exceedingly droll colloquy between Zeus and Hera on the subject of the misconduct of Ixion, a piece in which a contemporary critic has well noted "the admirable distinction of the reprobate masculine humour of one speaker from the feminine, though highly creditable, incapacity to appreciate humour in the latter." Lucian's highest effort of comedy however is his "Zeus the Tragedian"—the scene of the meeting convened by

the uneasy father of the gods to consider the grave question of the decline in mortal reverence which the Olympian family had recently undergone, and the best measures to be taken for stemming the tide of infidelity. The deeper satire of the piece is excellent, but not less so in its way is the broad Aristophanic fun of the ceremony of convocation and of the arrangement of the delicate question of precedence. Hermes, as master of the ceremonies, as well as usher (a sort of combination of Gold Stick and Black Rod) is directed by Zeus to seat the gods as they arrive, according to rank as fixed either by material or art: the Golden in the front rank, the Silver next, then the Ivory, and lastly the Bronze and Marble ones. Among these last art might be taken into account, and precedence was to be given to the gods of Phidias, Alcamenes, Myron and Euphranor; but the tag-rag and bob-tail, who have no pretensions either to beauty of workmanship or intrinsic value, are to take back seats, and be content to figure as silent members. Upon this follows an admirable bit of character. Mercury, as the patron of art, cannot readily bring himself to assign such importance to mere material costliness. How, he asks, if some of these many hundred-weighted golden fellows be of wretched workmanship, out of taste and proportion, glaringly vulgar and plebeian? Are they to have the *pas* of the bronzes of Myron, Polyctetus, and Phidias, and the marbles of Alcamenes? Or should not art by rights have the precedence? "By rights, yes," replies Jupiter, "but still," he adds, like the thorough man of the world he is, "it must be given to gold." This double-edged stroke of satire, which at once hits an ignoble trait in human character and common weakness of anthropomorphism in all human religions, is delivered by a master hand.

Lucian's intimate and at the same time genially tolerant knowledge of human nature is indeed conspicuous

throughout his writings, and in none more so, perhaps, than in the *Heteric Dialogues*. The gallery of female portraits through which one passes in the series of conversations is not exactly an edifying one, but only one or two of its presentments are properly speaking unrepresentable. For the rest it is an extremely interesting procession, in which one hardly knows whether to admire more the force and truth with which Lucian has set forth some of the eternal generic types of female character, or the skill with which he has contrived to discriminate, through a series of no fewer than fifteen dialogues, between their specific illustrations. The lightness of touch which he displays in these portions of his work he owed no doubt in some measure to his training and practice as a rhetorician. His purely rhetorical exercises (mere *fantasias*, of course, as they now and then are) are still worthy of study as something more than mere old-world literary curiosities. We need not suppose with Wieland that his "Encomium on a Fly" was an impromptu recitation in order to feel plenty of admiration for the grace and spirit with which the little trifle is worked out.

It is of course, however, unnecessary to say that on this side of Lucian's encyclopædic genius he is naturally the furthest removed from modern sympathies. Nowadays we have nothing like—or at any rate nothing avowedly, even if we have anything intentionally, like—the rhetorical exercise of a travelling lecturer of the second century of the Christian era. It is extinct as a literary form; and of course the place of an ancient writer in modern estimation will be fixed by the work which he has left behind him in those forms which have proved imperishable. In such forms, however, lies the bulk of Lucian's work. It is in satire—the department of his productions which Mr. Williams has so singularly omitted to specify in the foregoing list—that Lucian has most clearly established his claim to a place among the great writers of all time:

not of course in theological satire alone, or even principally, though it is to that branch of his satiric work that most attention has been given by the world at large, and perhaps even by the narrower world of scholars. For though he lives and will live as a satirist in all acceptations, particular as well as general, of the term, he will not live so surely, or at any rate not so justly, for his witty railery at a dying superstition, as for the broad philosophic disdain with which he contemplates human life in the man. His topics are of course and necessarily those which have been the commonplaces of satire in all ages—the vanity of wealth and power, the self-torment of avarice and ambition, the folly and pretension of human philosophies, the dream-stuff of life itself. Every satirist that ever lived has had his say on these matters; but it is only a few of the very greatest who have handled them with such command as Lucian. His eye and hand are unerring. It matters not what is the dramatic stand-point which for the moment he has selected. It matters not whether, as in the “*Icaromenippus*”, he gazes down from his airy height on this swarming anthill of humanity; or whether, as in the *Dialogues of the under-world*, he looks up at us through the purged eyes of the dead; there is always the Shakespearean breadth of vision, though not of course the Shakespearean finality of touch. One of the masterpieces in satire of this widely-reaching order is his “*Timon the Misanthrope*”—a piece which is doubly interesting from the fact of its dealing with a subject which has been also treated, if only perhaps as a reconstruction of the work of others, by Shakespeare himself. Whence Shakespeare took his *Timon* is doubtful, and whether the play which bears that name was founded upon and contains the inferior matter of some other dramatists, we know not; but one thing is certain, that the *Timon* of Shakespeare is not that mere vulgar *Thersites*, the *Timon* of Plutarch,

and that it is, at least in many of its more striking and dignified traits, the *Timon* of Lucian. There is little or no probability of Shakespeare’s having seen Lucian’s *Dialogue*, even in a translation; but the coincidences of action alone between the *dialogue* and the drama are far too remarkable to be fortuitous. The *Dialogue* opens, indeed, with the very second scene of Act iv., where the ruined *Timon* is discovered digging; and though there is a strong dash of Lucian’s habitual burlesque in his hero’s bitterly ironical invocation of Zeus, the note of seriousness is struck almost immediately afterwards, and is maintained to the end. The response of the Father to the noisy outcry of this beggared dupe of the sycophant and the sponge has a certain Olympian majesty about it. “Who is this, *Hermes*, that shouts to us thus out of Attica from beside the base of *Hymettus*? Yon squalid wretch in the garment of skins. See! he who stoops as though to dig. A prating fellow that, and a daring one; some philosopher belike; for no one else would have vented such a torrent of impious words!” *Hermes* replies that it is *Timon* the son of *Echeecratides*, the rich man who once feasted them with so many hecatombs, but who had been brought to ruin by the parasites upon whom he had wasted his wealth.

“Whilst these vultures were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. But they, after having picked his bones accurately clean, and diligently sucked out any marrow they could find in him, took their departure, leaving him withered and cut down to the very roots, and so far from assisting him in their turn, declined either to recognize or look at him—for why should they? Thus it is that, spade in hand, and in skin garments, he digs for hire, ashamed to show himself in the city, and melancholy-mad with his troubles; since those who have fattened on him now pass him haughtily by, as though they knew not his very name, whether it be *Timon* or no.”

Jupiter then resolves to despatch *Hermes* and *Plutus* to bestow new

wealth on Timon—a command which the god of riches very reluctantly obeys, urging that if he returns to the spendthrift he will only become once more the prey of parasites and courtesans. On their way to earth the two gods discuss mankind and their employment of wealth in a vein of the keenest satire; and reaching Timon at last, they find him working with his spade, in company with Labour, Wisdom, and Courage—attendants, according to their invariable wont, in the train of Poverty. Poverty, on learning their errand, complains bitterly.

"Would you take from me," she asks, "the man whom I received from Luxury in such miserable plight, and whom I handed over to Labour and Wisdom to turn into the man of dignity and worth that you behold? Are you, Plutus, to rob me of him, and to give him back again to Arrogance and Vanity, that they may reconvert him into the creature of effeminacy and folly that he was before, in order that yet again he may return to me, this time a worthless rag?"

Timon, however, rejects the offer which Plutus makes him, and the gods leave him, desiring him to continue digging. He does so, and finds gold; and the fine outburst of cynicism with which he greets the discovery should be compared with the parallel passage in Shakespeare (Act iv., sc. 3), in which the same incident occurs, if we want to appreciate at once the resemblance between the Timons of Lucian and Shakespeare, and the difference between his two delineators in point of imaginative wealth. It is clear that the incident of the gold-finding, and of the insults which the finder heaps upon his returning parasites, must have been derived by Shakespeare from some writer or other who had seen the Timon of Lucian; and no less clear is it to all who can recognize Shakespeare's hand, that none other man, living or dead, could have helped him to the fiercely passionate rhapsody which follows. Lucian had nothing of course of Shakespeare's

torrent-flow of imagination. The thought of the discovered treasure does not bring all the multitudinous powers of gold in a rush of imagery before his eyes. Lucian's Timon turns at once to the thought of the use that he himself will make of it, in gratifying his eternal enmity towards his race; but the passage is one of great power and even solemnity, and may stand as one of the finest specimens of Lucian's serious manner.

"I will purchase the whole of this sequestered spot, and hereon I will build me a tower, to keep my gold, to house myself and none other, and to serve me for a tomb when I am dead. And from henceforth let my rule and law of life be this: To shun all men, to know no man, to despise all; to treat the name of friend, of guest, of comrade, of the shrine of Pity herself, as an empty sound. Let compassion for the unhappy, or succour for the needy, be as the violation of law, and as the dissolution of morals. Be my life solitary as the wolf's, and Timon alone be Timon's friend. Let all other men be to me as foes and betrayers. Let converse with them be pollution; and the sight of them make the day accursed."

And in this strain he runs on in a sort of grim parody of the style of his "Psephisma", winding up with a "decreed by us, Timon the son of Echecratides, and confirmed by us the aforesaid Timon of the deme of Colytos." He goes on to declare, almost in the very words quoted with too painful a suspicion of a false quantity by Shakespeare, that the name by which he would most like to be called is that of *misanthropos*. But the whole dialogue should, as I have said, be read together with the play; and, if the comparison leaves the eminence of the great Master of all time as unapproachable as ever, it can hardly fail at the same time to show (and this is all that can ever be shown of any man) that more than one, or even two, of the Master's vast array of gifts was possessed, and in no insignificant manner, by Lucian of Samosata.

H. D. TRAILL.